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## AIOC Officials Ordered To Report For Expulsion

Abadan, July 20.

The Persian police here today ordered two senior officials of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company to report to the Passport Office in Teheran "within a day or two" to be expelled.

Mr W. J. Freagard, company security officer, and Mr E. J. Donoghue, senior engineer in the company's communications department, were summoned to the police station this morning.

Mr Donoghue told Reuter that the police were "friendly" and when asked when he must report to Teheran, they said:

## MISSOURI BREAKS ITS LEVEES

St. Louis, Missouri, July 20.

The Missouri River crumbled protecting levees near here today as its flood-swollen waters drove towards a crest at the junction with the Mississippi.

Army engineers predicted that all dykes at the confluence of the two great rivers would be swept away within the next 48 hours. Army trucks and amphibious vehicles have been rushed to the area to help in rescue work.

The Coast Guard is standing by with boats for the peak of the flood, which is expected by the weekend. — Reuter.

## Loan To Spain

Washington, July 20.

The United States Export-Import Bank announced today it had granted a \$7,500,000 loan to Spain for the improvement of the Spanish railway system.

The loan was part of a \$52,500,000 special appropriation voted by the American Congress for Spain's use and it brought the total of loans granted to Spain this year to about \$30,500,000. — Reuter.

## Linklater To Fulfil An Ambition

Tokyo, July 20.

Eric Linklater, noted British novelist, will visit Australia next month to fulfil an ambition he has had since childhood and to see the Great Barrier Reef.

At present he is touring Japan and Korea collecting material for a popular history he is writing on the part played by British Commonwealth forces in the Korea campaign.

He will lecture in New Zealand for the British Council and will then spend six weeks in Australia. He said that his visit to Australia would be solely for pleasure and that he had made no plans for the six weeks. — Reuter.

## The Thorez Mystery

From Joan Harrison

Paris, July 20.

French counter-espionage headquarters in Paris, the DST (Direction Service du Territoire) believe, in spite of Communist statements to the contrary, that the French Communist leader, Maurice Thorez, has died or has been "liquidated" in Moscow.

Thorez was flown to Russia last November for special treatment following a stroke which left him partially paralysed.

Last week, of the same time as rumours from Stockholm hinted that Thorez's condition was much worse, the French Communist paper L'Humanite ran a picture of Thorez stating that it had been taken in Moscow.

The picture shows him with his wife, Jeanette Vermeersch. Madame Thorez who was re-elected to the French Assembly in the recent elections flew to Russia a few weeks ago.

The Quai d'Orsay in Paris state that the French Ambassador in Moscow has never been allowed to see Thorez despite repeated requests.

Just before Thorez's sudden illness last year, he had been severely reprimanded by the Politburo for objecting to Chinese infiltration into the Indo-China war.

# KING ABDULLAH WAS SLAIN BY A TAILOR

## Second Son Appointed To The Regency

Amman, July 20.

King Abdullah of Jordan was shot and killed instantaneously in Old Jerusalem today. The assassin, who was killed by the King's bodyguard, was later identified as a tailor of the Old City of Jerusalem, whose name was given here as Mustafa Shakri Ashshu.

It was stated that during the Arab-Jewish war he belonged to the "dynamite squad" of the Arab irregular force, which was associated with the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem.

The assassin was hiding behind the main gate of the El Aqsa Mosque when the King arrived for prayers.

A state of emergency was proclaimed in Jerusalem and its suburbs after the assassination.

A curfew was clamped on Amman, the capital of Abdullah's desert kingdom.

The authorities here have ordered three months' mourning. The King's body was flown to Amman from Jerusalem Airfield. A communique announcing the appointment of the Emir Naif, Abdullah's second son, as Regent, said this was because of the presence abroad of the Crown Prince for medical attention.

The 38-year-old Emir later took the constitutional Oath before the Council of Ministers and assumed his new duties immediately, the communique added.

When the 69-year-old "descendant of Mahomet" and an associate of Lawrence of Arabia was killed, the only frontier post between Israel and Jordan—the Mandelbaum Gate—was immediately closed.

An official Jordan communique said King Abdullah was killed at his noon-day prayers. Abdullah's elder son, Emir Talal, 40-year-old heir apparent to the throne, returned to Amman from England on June 27, after a fortnight's travel abroad on the advice of his doctors.

28-YEAR RULE

An official communique broadcast here today said he was "not well".

Abdullah, a striking figure with a trimmed black beard, a hawklike nose and flowing Arab robes, had ruled his little Kingdom for 28 stormy years.

His dream was to create one Islamic State of all Moslem countries and he constantly pushed his plan for a "Greater Jerusalem" merging Syria, the Lebanon, Palestine and Jordan.

Abdullah took power in Transjordan after the first World War when he fought the Turks in the desert alongside Lawrence of Arabia. Britain recognised him under a trusteeship.

As Emir of Transjordan, he prepared and guided his country to self-rule and gave it the protection of the British-trained Arab Legion, one of the most modern and powerful fighting forces in the Middle East.

Abdullah became King after the second World War, when Britain surrendered the mandate of his 35,000 square mile territory. In 1950 after the Arab war with Israel, he doubled the size of his kingdom by annexing parts of Arab Palestine occupied by his troops.

Jerusalem Radio, Amman's official broadcasting station, cancelled all programmes and switched to reading excerpts from the Koran immediately on the news of the King's assassination.

Special communiques were read about the assassination.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

Abdullah made an annual pilgrimage to the precincts of the Great Mosque of Omar—the third holiest Moslem shrine—to his father's grave. This Mosque stands within the walls of the Old City of Jerusalem—the Jordan part.

The Aqsa Mosque, where the King was murdered, is about 200 yards away, within half a mile of the Israeli border.

The line dividing Jerusalem—as laid down in the armistice agreements between Jordan and Israel—runs roughly north and south, while the whole of the ancient walled city to the east is in what is now Jordan.

Most of the modern city of Jerusalem, including the railway station and the administrative buildings, is in Israel.

Abdullah is to have a national funeral on Monday, it was learned here. He will be buried in the Royal Cemetery near Amman Palace. — Reuter.

## FEARLESS MAN

Paris, July 20.

King Abdullah of Jordan never feared danger or death—he flirted with them.

A sniper's bullet or a mortar shell might as easily have killed the King instead of a private in his Arab Legion during the battle of Jerusalem in 1948.

I have passed the King driving along the hilly road from his Palace in Amman, speeding round "hell fire corner" beneath the Mount of Olives and drawing crowds as he entered a gate of the Old City to visit his forward troops.

Other times a visit to the Mosque to pray took Abdullah into Old Jerusalem.

In 1949 Palestinian refugees planted land mines on the road the King planned to use between his winter palace and Amman. Fawzi Mukhlis Pasha, former Jordanian Defence Minister and intimate of Abdullah, told me today. Police rounded up the would-be assassins.

Before the court passed sentence Abdullah asked to see them.

He faced them and said, "You have plotted against my life, but I am going to give you your freedom."

The men were released. Mukhlis flew the Jordanian flag at half mast over his Legation here this afternoon when he had this cable, "Inform you with great sorrow of catastrophe which has befallen us with the martyrdom of His Majesty King Abdullah by a criminal assassin in the Mosque of Jerusalem."

The signature read "Naif", the dead King's younger son, now appointed Regent.

## VISIT POSTPONED

Mukhlis said he left Amman last Friday. He had gone there at the end of June as the guest of the King who had asked him to become Foreign Minister.

The King had planned to go to the Mosque on Friday, July 6, during the Ramadan fast and I was going with him," said Mukhlis.

"Because of the inconvenience of travelling while fasting the visit was postponed."

The King, he said, had been "very active" lately.

On the assassination he said, "It is going to have terrific repercussions. This means an irreparable loss to the country. I am amazed and shocked. Abdullah meant well for his people. He did everything he could to improve the state of affairs in Jordan and to strengthen her ties. He was very daring in his opinions and ideas and he had enough courage to state his views irrespective of what the masses might have been led to think." — Reuter.

## New Air Liner In The Making

London, July 20.

Britain is now building a more powerfully engined Comet jet-liner which will be able to cover the journey from London to New York with a stop at Gander in about seven hours actual flying time.

Allowing for a 90-minute halt at Gander, it should link London and New York in about eight and a half hours.

The big piston engined aircraft at present in general use takes about 10-12 hours for the London-New York trip. — Reuter.

# ABDULLAH WAS SLAIN

## Mounting India-Pakistan Tension Moslems Protest Against Troop Movements

Karachi, July 20.

A mass meeting of an estimated 50,000 to 100,000 shouting Moslems last night demanded the immediate withdrawal of Indian troops massed on the Pakistani borders.

Newspapers bannered a message the Grand Mufti of Palestine sent the Prime Minister, Mr Liaquat Ali Khan, expressing the greatest concern about the gatherings on the borders and pledging the support of other Moslems.

In New Delhi, the Prime Minister, Mr Jawaharlal Nehru, appealed to dissenting Congress Party members to unite to meet the crisis resulting from worsening Indo-Pakistani relations.

Mr Nehru branded the resignation of two Congress Ministers, Mr R. A. Kildwai and Mr A. P. Jain, as "particularly distressing" in view of the "kinds of crises facing us".

Meanwhile, Calcutta reports said a Pakistani regiment composed of fierce Baluchi tribesmen was concentrating near the Bengal border where India meets East Pakistan. — United Press.

## NOT REASSURING

Karachi, July 20.

The Pakistan Foreign Minister, Sir Mohammed Zafrullah Khan, told a Press conference here today that the Indian Prime Minister, Mr Jawaharlal Nehru's reply to the Pakistan Prime Minister on reported Indian troop concentrations in Kashmir was "far from reassuring".

Sir Mohammed said that Mr Nehru's reply, "instead of being reassuring has created apprehension."

He said that the statements made by Mr Nehru in his cable to Liaquat Ali Khan on July 17 were either "incorrect, half truths or fallacious."

Sir Mohammed made his statement here when he released Mr Liaquat Ali Khan's reply to Mr Nehru sent last night.

In his latest cable to Mr Nehru, released today, the Pakistan Prime Minister, has again urged Mr Nehru most earnestly to withdraw these forces so that this threat to the security of Pakistan is removed.

Sir Mohammed said.

Mr Liaquat Ali Khan has sent a copy of his cable to the Security Council.

The Pakistan Foreign Minister admitted that there had been Indian troop movements along the Indian borders but, he said, "only after there had been Indian troop concentrations against Pakistan's borders."

He said Indian troops were "within easy striking distance" and were "a few miles from the West Pakistan borders."

These Indian troops had been brought up during the course of the last 10 days or so, Sir Mohammed said.

He did not give the disposition of Pakistan troops or the distance they were from India's borders.

He said that in view of the fact that Pakistan made no troop movements until India began her troop concentration, the Indian contention that the Indian troops movements were for defensive purposes "cannot hold ground."

## "CURIOUS"

The Pakistan Foreign Minister described as "curious" Mr Nehru's statement that the activities of British military advisers, officers and ex-officers in Pakistan were aiding the straining of relations between India and Pakistan.

He stated that no British officer now in the employ of Pakistan had given or was giving any advice to Pakistan on Indo-Pakistani relations and least of all advising Pakistan on "war-like preparations against India."

Sir Mohammed said that Pakistan had not made any specific suggestion to the Security Council but had only furnished it with a copy of Mr Liaquat Ali Khan's reply to Mr Nehru yesterday.

A "specific suggestion" was implied in the Pakistan Prime Minister's first cable to Mr Nehru on July 18, urging him to remove "Indian troops concentrations against Pakistan's borders," Sir Mohammed said.

A copy of the Pakistan Prime Minister's telegram had also been furnished to Dr Frank Graham, United Nations Kashmir representative, who is at present in Karachi.

Asked what Pakistan would do if India refused to remove her troops as demanded by Pakistan, Sir Mohammed said that would be a matter of another Press conference.

Today's conference was attended by American, Russian, French Arab, Indian and Pakistani journalists. — Reuter.

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### A Truce In The Balance

IF the Korea truce talks do break down in the next 24 hours it will be on a point which the Communists have at no time been entitled to try to place on the agenda. Moreover, if they continue to insist that the early withdrawal of foreign troops from Korea must be a subject for discussion among the present truce delegations they will demonstrate beyond dispute that they entered upon the armistice negotiations in bad faith.

For, from the beginning, it was made clear that the United Nations representatives were not permitted to discuss any issues of a political nature and the Communists entered into the talks fully aware of this proviso. And in making this reservation, the United Nations have acted correctly. There is only one immediate task to fulfil at Kaesong: it is to reach an agreement on a cease-fire and to concur on a deployment of opposing forces that will enable the armistice to be faithfully observed. Long-term questions such as the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Korea, the unification of the country, and who should play the leading roles in bringing about any unification, must be left to authorities higher than field commanders and their liaison officers. In any event, as Mr Dean Acheson has forcefully stated, if there is an effective armistice, the United Nations forces must remain in Korea until genuine peace has been firmly established and the Korean people have an assurance that they can work out their future free from fear of aggression. This states the position of the United Nations explicitly and it will receive the general approval of the free world. The firm stand taken by the United Nations on this issue must not be

mistaken for any loss of desire to reach a satisfactory truce. The determination to do everything possible to achieve an armistice on terms that are compatible with United Nations principles, already expressed and reiterated, remains unshaken. As one UN delegate spokesman said after Thursday's deadlock in the talks: "We will have an agenda if the basic item is left out." In other words an agenda sufficient to bring about a speedy armistice has already been agreed upon and it only requires the Communists to refrain from trying to inject unacceptable proposals, to have that agenda implemented into practical form. Everything now depends on whether the Communists will give way. They can do so without any loss of face, for at no stage has either side officially revealed the main point of dispute. Admittedly it has been specifically suggested by the propagandist radios of Peking, Pyongyang and Moscow, but officially the Communist delegates at Kaesong remain uncommitted. There need not, in fact, be any announcement that the Communists have withdrawn on any issue. The world will be quite content to be told that the two delegations have reached agreement on an armistice agenda. It is difficult to believe that the Communists, having shown an eagerness equivalent to that of the United Nations to achieve a cease-fire, should at this stage utterly wreck negotiations for the want of placing on the agenda an item which they know full well the UN representatives have no power to discuss. There is still time to settle this difference without compromising future negotiations on the wider issues.







**KING'S MAJESTIC**

★ **SHOWING TO-DAY** ★

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 | AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20  
& 9.30 P.M. | & 9.30 P.M.

**MAJESTIC TO-MORROW EXTRA SHOW**  
AT 12.00 NOON

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**THE THING**

from another world

At The **KING'S** At The **MAJESTIC**

ADDED: Walt DISNEY'S Colour Cartoon "Little Hiawatha" and latest Universal-International Newsreel

ADDED: Walt DISNEY'S Colour Cartoon "Clock Cleaners" and latest Warner-Pathe Newsreel

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AT 11.30 A.M.  
VARIETY PROGRAMME  
OF COLOUR CARTOON 3 STOOGES COMEDY  
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A Comprehensive War Documentary On The  
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LATEST NEWS:—  
**FINAL AT WIMBLEDON**  
ALSO:—  
Colour Cartoon  
Programme  
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at **LIBERTY** AT 12.30 P.M.  
20th Century-Fox presents  
**MIGHTMOUSE**  
CARTOON  
PROGRAMME  
IN TECHNICOLOR!

**NEXT CHANGE**  
AT THE

**LIBERTY**

DOUBLE CROSSING KILLER. CAUGHT IN HER CRIMES!

**BLONDE ICE**

Leslie Robinson Robert Paige  
Directed by JACK BERNHARD Released by FILM CENTRALES INC.

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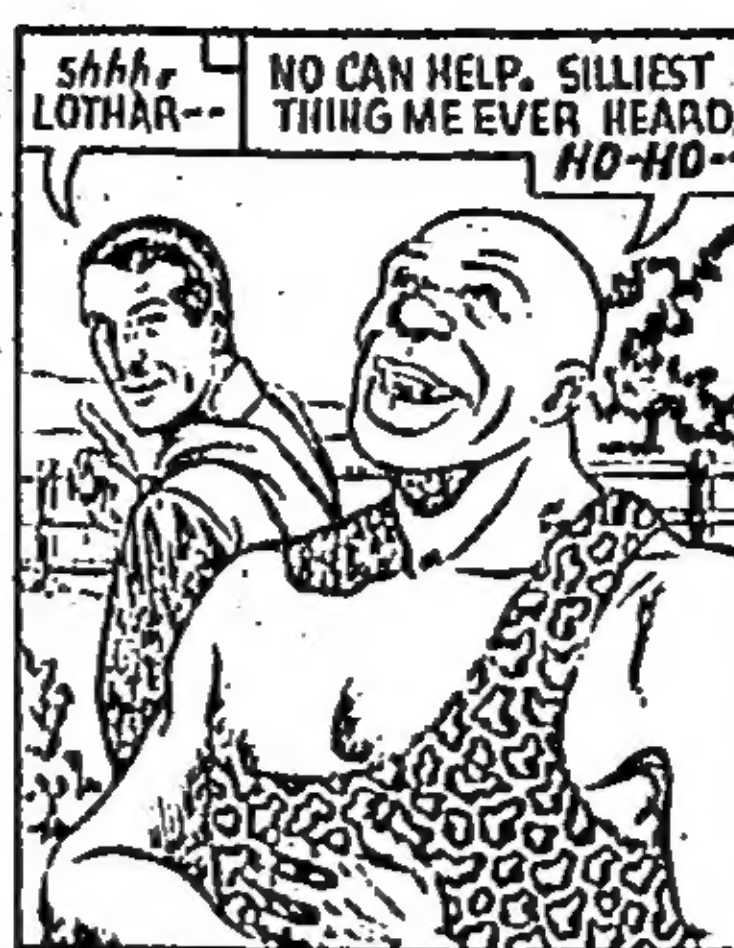
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**MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN**

**SHOW by Harold Conway TALK**

**DISNEY FINDS HIS STAR CHEAP AT THE PRICE**

WALT DISNEY went to Burnham Beeches the other day, watched 21-year-old Joan Rice being chased round a meadow by Richard Todd—and decided that England was the place for good bargains.

One of Disney's main reasons for coming here was to check up on this new girl—the former London waitress who, his advance agents urged by cable, would be the ideal Maid Marian for Robin Hood. With £500,000 at stake in the picture, Disney took a long distance chance on those reports—but felt he would be happier for a look at Miss Rice himself. Pitching new "discoveries" into sudden stardom can be a chancey business, as other producers have recently learned to their cost.

Now Miss Rice—"I can tell you I was a bit squirmy

about a quarter of the sum her co-star, Richard Todd, is receiving, about one-tenth of what a Hollywood star would have been paid for the part. Miss Rice, of course, is very content; a year or so back, she was regarding a Corner House job as a big step-up from domestic service.

Mr. Disney, watching this tomboyish Maid Marian frolicking about Denham's Merric England, is equally content—as well he may be. He has obtained a new star for less than the price of his London hotel suite.

IT LOOKS as though Claire Bloom has lost that Charlie Chaplin leading lady part.

He spent £2,000 in flying her from London for a New York test. Now, though Chaplin himself keeps silent, I hear from Hollywood that he is interested in another young actress for the role. Who is the new candidate? 18-year-old twin sister of Pier Angeli, Italy's latest—and most attractive—actress to trend the Hollywood path.

Pier seems to have been given Stewart Granger as her permanent leading man. Sister Maria Louisa, who left home only to keep Pier company, may do even better for herself—Chaplin's interest lasts.

(World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service.)

**JACK DAVIES Talks About Show Business****YOU CAN'T EVEN SAVE A DIME...**

Sid Field would have been pleased with the show his friends put on, at the Palladium to raise money for his children.

And I think he would have liked to explain how it was that he didn't leave enough money to provide for them adequately.

Unless Sid was vastly different from the majority of actors, he knew no business but show-business. Show-people can make money, and can spend money, but rarely can keep it. The astrakhan profession has never had a good head for figures—except female ones.

When you have been struggling along for years, playing a different town every week, living a "digs-to-digs" existence, but still keeping a permanent home going, it is hard to save.

Then, suddenly, comes success. Overnight you jump from £20 to £100 a week. At last you can put your hand in your pocket and pull out a full wallet. You can buy the things you have always wanted. You are rich—temporarily.

You forget that out of each £100 you earn the inland revenue want at least a third—maybe half.

Meanwhile, you have been paying 10 percent of your salary to the agent who got you the job. You have been to the best restaurants, clubs and hotels, because now you are a star, you have to be seen around.

You have got new friends, too. Some are richer and more successful than you are. Others are hangers-on, leeches, spongers, exploiters, whose only interest in you is how much they can get out of you for themselves.

But most show-people have kind, warm, generous hearts. "Don't worry about the future," they say, "the future will look after itself. Sure, I can spare you a fiver, I'm doing fine."

So you are a success. Well, look it. Get yourself new clothes—lots of them. Suits, shirts, socks, ties, and shoes. Must be the best, too. The people you're mixing with can tell a Savile-row suit a mile off. Get yourself a car. A big one. Then people will say: "He's doing well these days." Nothing succeeds like success. But does it?

**FATAL "REST"**

★ YOUR salary goes up. So do your expenses. Now you are a film star. You must have a secretary to answer all that fan mail. And a chauffeur.

You must entertain the right people. Better get a flat in town.

All of a sudden you have a bad spell. You're "resting" between shows and pictures. But you've still got the same expenses. You can't get them

down either. It might look bad.

Then, as it must to all wage-earners, comes an income tax demand. You've been a star for quite a while, but the inland revenue boys have only just got around to you—and you owe far more than you thought. Well, you can pay, but you can't save.

The rich stars in Britain today are almost all old-timers—if they'll pardon the use of the expression—and they made their money long before income tax reached such alarming proportions.

**BIG BUSINESS**

★ THE richest have invested their money in show-business.

Jack Hylton made his money as a band-leader, then became an impresario.

Jack Buchanan put his into film studios and television. But both are extremely shrewd and astute businessmen who would probably be leaders in any industry into which they went.

Successful actors, dramatists, composers like Noel Coward and the late Ivor Novello have few financial worries. Their income, from royalties, is not only large but long-lasting.

Film stars, generally considered the most overpaid of all humans, aren't all that well off these days. Not in this country anyway.

Times are over when an actor got £20,000 for starring in a British film. Anyone who now gets more than £5,000 a film can consider himself a top star. And he'll probably make only one a year.

How long can he hope to continue to pull down that sort of money? Five years? Maybe ten at the most.

American film stars are more fortunate. The most successful can still—and get—fabulous salaries.

The smart ones, like Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, have formed themselves into companies and invested their earnings in baseball teams and real estate.

Both have the Midas touch with a difference. Every acre of land they touch turns into an oil well. And few people can get near enough to either to "touch" them.

Other American stars have been able to commercialise their particular talents.

Either Williams owns a restaurant at which she makes frequent and crowd-pulling appearances; she also has a large interest in a firm manufacturing bathing-suits.

I dare say she could retire from the screen tomorrow and the bank would hardly notice the difference.

Very few, if any, post-war British stars could afford to retire. Instead they must keep on working—being more, and more successful—trying to forget that the higher you go the bigger the income tax demand. And they must try to put away something for a rainy day. They'd do well continually to remind themselves that in show-business there are an awful lot of rainy days.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



**The Mother Of The Groom Moves In**

A superlative comedy steals into the show world almost unnoticed, for "The Mating Season" is hilarious sophistication at its best.

It concerns the developments of a small home when the mother of the groom moves into the bridal nest. Complications abound, but are unravelled in the end by a very ingenious twist.

Gene Tierney and John Lund share star bulidup, but it is really to Thelma Ritter that honours must go. This was her first important picture, but there will be others in the train for her characterisation is wonderful.

There is little to be said for the plausibility of the plot. It develops like an alley-cat, in all directions, but the restraint is so subtle, the dialogue so suave, that no one's fur is ruffled.

COY PERFECTION Gene Tierney's portrayal is a dream of coy perfection. She abandons the garb of heartless-ness with relish, and invades the field of modern sophistication with a gusto that makes one wonder why no one thought of her in this guise before.

The Hollywood drawing-room comedy is only remotely associated with the conversation pieces of the latter-day Victorians, for Hollywood has depended hopelessly on the slap-bang.

In "The Mating Season", however, an effort is made to refine the atrocious, and the result is a quality of nonsense that appeals in a quaint way, like fairy tales which even adults love to read.

It is also interesting because it hints, slyly, that love begins only after marriage—which is unusual in an age when people are beginning to suspect that marriage is only the first stage in divorce proceedings.—CAD

**It's Not Quite The Thing**

Says SUE DAWSON

Certainly when The End of "The Thing" was announced in the final flush, one had to rise on jellied knees and clutch the banisters while manoeuvring the stairs down to "street-level."

A surprising discovery; but whether this state of affairs was directly attributable to "The Thing" itself, or more to the winding up of tension inside, through a lurid introduction, remains for one's personal conjecture after experiencing the conglomeration of shock music, shadows, low (often rather too low) voices and several stretches of the proverbial "electric silence."

Although the effect of shock on the system was real enough, as a picture trying to weave a credible story around its subtitle "The Thing" was unconvincing. In fact disappointing that all this shock treatment should be in aid of the appearance of what looks more than anything else like an oversize GI wearing spiky gloves.

The trouble, of course, lies in the impossibility of conjuring forth a vegetable to fit the description one is led to believe should be in aid of the appearance of what looks more than anything else like an oversize GI wearing spiky gloves.

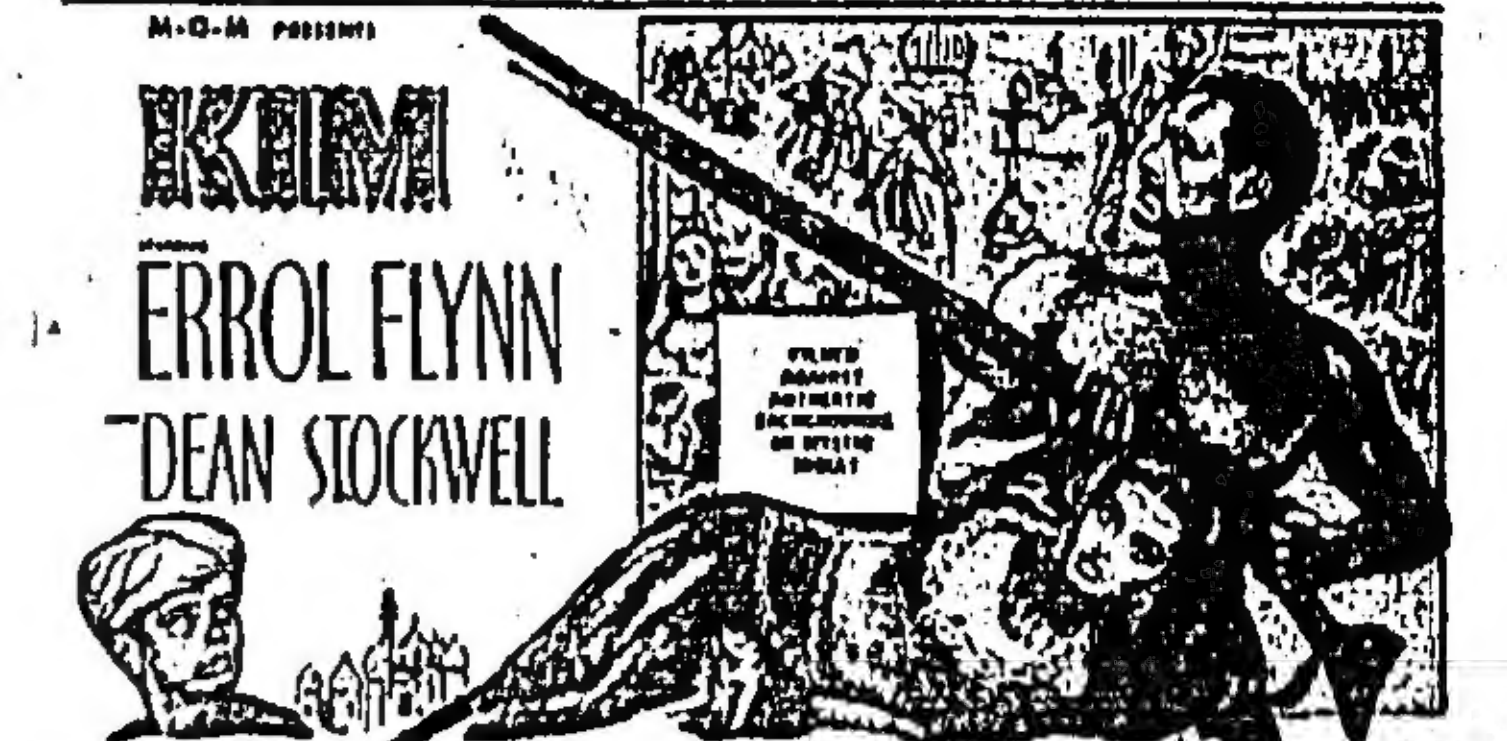
A CAULIFLOWER It was truly said that the most effective medium for this particular story is paper. But Howard Hawks has succeeded in bringing out a film as different from the ordinary run as a cauliflower in a field of cabbages, and about as remarkable.

The basis of his story is one hitherto unexploited by the film industry, the territory sympathetic, and the characters who carry it through well-chosen.

In fact the end is achieved through rather spillover by the means, which are necessarily imperfect. Billed down—the only part that stopped was "The Thing" itself.

SHOWING TO-DAY **QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA** AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

ONLY THE MOVIE THEATRE SCREEN CAN DO IT!  
RUDYARD KIPLING'S GREATEST STORY... IN TECHNICOLOR GLORY!

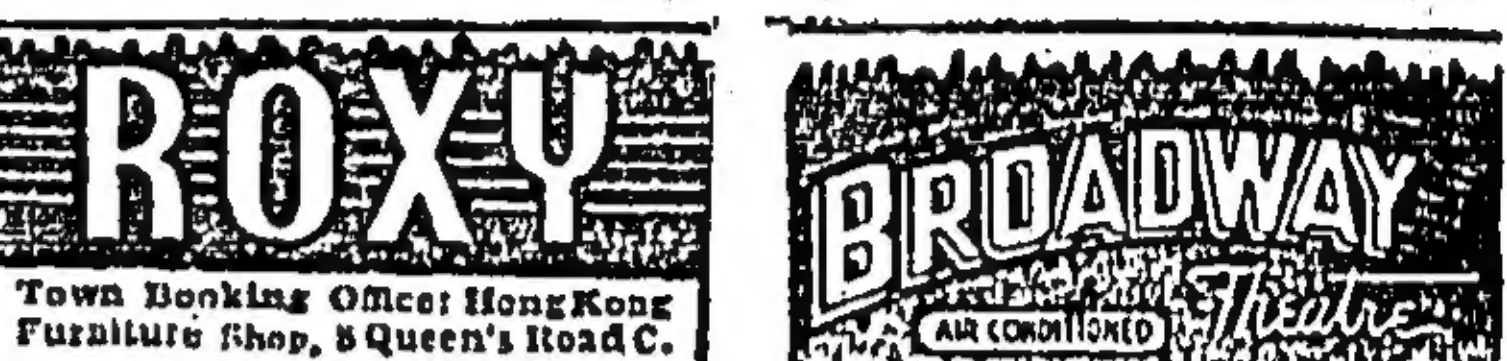


★ **TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS** ★

**QUEEN'S** AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY  
Variety Program  
From MGM, KRO WB's

**ALHAMBRA** AT 12 NOON ONLY  
Variety Program  
From 20th Century-Fox

— AT REDUCED PRICES —



Commencing To-day at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



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**ROXY:** AT 11.30 A.M.  
Warner Bros. presents  
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**BROADWAY:** At 12.30 p.m.  
20th Century-Fox presents  
"TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS"  
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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



— TO-MORROW —  
"SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE"





IN BASS STRING SECTION are (left to right) Joseph Egnatzlik, music shop owner; Patricia Hill, minister's wife; student Gladys Keidel; James V. Young, an executive.



VIOLINISTS include Arthur Patrick (left, background), insurance agent; student Nancy Hill; Llewellyn Watts, commission broker; and P. E. Mills, corporation executive.

# SYMPHONIC HARMONY



These eager Mountain Lakes girls are Maria Hill (left) and Lydia Doak, neophytes from grammar and high school, whose flutes blend with violins of the elders.



THE BRASSES are the concern equally of high school student Roy Storey (left) and engineer Jack Redington. With such concentration it is natural town has no juke boxes.

MUSICAL CHORDS bind the 2,500 residents of Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, into a harmoniously contented community probably without parallel elsewhere in America. A full-fledged symphony orchestra of over 50 amateur musicians enables this town to boast quite modestly that it is the smallest in the country supporting an institution which would be unique in even a large city.

From its mere 650 homes, the Mountain Lakes symphony draws its talent ranging from grandparen'ts to their offspring still in school. Three generations of music lovers—grandfather, son and granddaughter—represent one local household.

As a fine example of sincere cultural democracy, this orchestra neatly cuts through all racial barriers. A vice-president of a famous laboratory plays the cello next to a school janitor. Diversity of background melts away in the warmth of love of music.

For 30 years, small groups of Mountain Lakes residents conducted informal Sunday music sessions. Then recently they merged into the full symphony which now enjoys the active support of the whole town. Concerts are played twice a year in the high school auditorium.



With aid and professional sureness of a Toscanini, Nilsen Cambarakia conducts Mountain Lakes Symphony Orchestra. He alone receives a salary which all agree he earns by preparing amateurs—12 to 70 years in age—for public presentations.



# Could YOU Work All Night Like Churchill?

(By A Special Correspondent)

THE prodigious vitality of Mr Churchill continues to astonish his colleagues on both sides of the House of Commons.

Certainly we should all like to know the secret of a man who, in his 77th year, is able to see through, to its yawning end, a two-day sitting of Parliament with few signs of the wear and tear which lesser and younger men show by their irritability, complaints of insomnia, and even by complete nervous breakdown.

There is no simple explanation for a phenomenon of this kind. We can say whether heredity, constitution, upbringing, mode of life, or chance plays the greatest part?

## 'Aging' at 30

HISTORY provides many examples of brilliant men whose "prime of life" extended well into old age. In fact this is quite a usual characteristic of the really great.

Solon (who lived to be 80) and Sophocles (who died at 89) were at the height of their intellectual power at an age when other men would be suffering from senile dementia. Michelangelo was still painting his great canvases at eighty-eight. And to come nearer modern times Gladstone on the day of his retirement from politics, at the age of eighty-five completed his translation of Horace's Odes.

The clue here to one of the most important hidden sources of mental energy for Gladstone's favorite form of recreation was turning from one kind of intellectual employment to another. A versatile mind is a youthful one, and a lively sense of curiosity may help to delay that hardening of the arteries of the brain which is supposed, as old age creeps on, to put a stop to the ability to learn.

It is surprising how early in life the physical processes of aging begin, for some of the body's tissues are worn out even in childhood.

Laboratory tests have shown that skills requiring quickness of eye, brain and hand begin to fall off after the age of thirty. A simple test of this kind is tracing with a stylus the mirror image of certain figures.

It is, of course, not at all important that elderly people should be able to perform these tests quickly, but what scientists have tried to find out is whether a slowing of reaction time indicates a lessening of the

capacity to acquire new knowledge.

The answers so far given are not particularly discouraging to the old, though one group of research workers reached the pessimistic conclusion that "if the rate of decline of ability to learn continued at the same speed through middle to old age it would follow that by the age of eighty the average man's ability to grasp fresh facts and adopt new methods would be no greater than that of a child of eight."

## Matter of glands

FORTUNATELY Mr Churchill, and people like him, are not particularly discouraged by the old, though one group of research workers reached the pessimistic conclusion that "if the rate of decline of ability to learn continued at the same speed through middle to old age it would follow that by the age of eighty the average man's ability to grasp fresh facts and adopt new methods would be no greater than that of a child of eight."

One of the commonest signs of advancing age is increased inability to fatigue. Many people are easily tired, they are discouraged, and too quickly about trifles and are quite unable to relax and enjoy themselves.

There are the weaker brethren who should take some tips from the Leader of the Opposition, for he has shown that if a man knows how to conduct his life there is practically no limit, even in old age, to the work he can do and the responsibility he can accept.

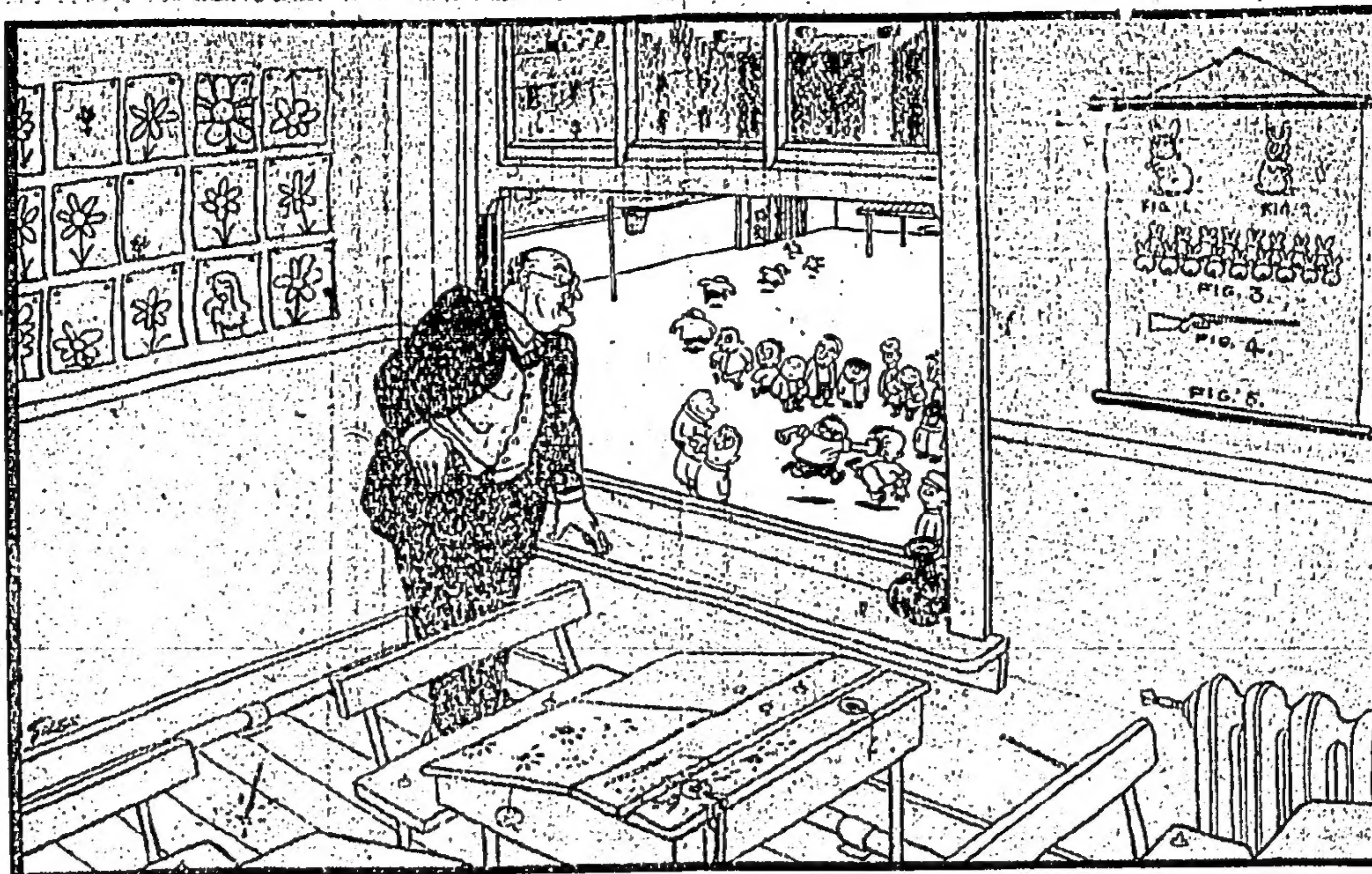
## Nap after lunch

THOSE who wish to emulate Mr Churchill must keep out of all rules, for though it may be comfortable to lie along in a predetermined direction it is fatal to the flexibility of the mind.

They must train themselves to relax at every convenient opportunity: a man or woman who can have a sound sleep after lunch every day, despite great pressure of work, is not going to be troubled with nervous breakdowns.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, they must not only have wide interests but they must struggle to achieve something in whatever diversified occupations they choose—whether it be writing, book-keeping, painting, racing, a handicraft, or even politics.

They may not succeed in these occupations like Mr Churchill, but they will have some fun, and, moreover, as long as they keep trying they won't be going around with one foot in the grave.



"I take it we can look forward to reading the life story of Sugar Ray Smith in the Sunday papers, eh, Smith?" London Express Service

# You say you'd like to be a film star eh, pal?

From . . .  
R. M. MacColl's  
Hollywood Diary



OTHERS have done it. So why not you? Big money, the life of Reilly (whoever he may have been), and the name up in neon. Nice going, no?

Well, you'd come to Hollywood, pal, and you'd buy a place to live in, of course. (Only it wouldn't be in Hollywood because "nobody" lives here any more, or rather, only several hundred thousand nobodies.)

An M.G.M. producer I'd been dining with drove me home to my hotel one night. "It's years since I was last in Hollywood," he said, musingly, as he gazed around at the unfamiliar streets.

No, pal, you'd have to buy something in one of the expensive places, places like Belair, or Beverly Hills, or Brentwood, or Pacific Palisades. Or, maybe, down the San Fernando Valley.

And would that set you back a packet! You wouldn't have the dough for it, pal, not when you started, at any rate.

## WATCH, PAL

What would you do? Why, you'd go to your studio and pay a pretty penny, and could you have, say, 40,000 or 50,000 snappers for a down payment on the lovely 16-room—ranch with—sunken master-bedroom (and unless you watch out, pal,

the master-bedroom won't be the only thing that's sunk before you're through).

The studio will probably lend it to you. They'll act as your bank of great big soft-hearted aols.

But they're not, pal, they never are. It suits their book to have you in hock for all that dough. It's going to take you quite a long time to pay it back.

Of course, it would be far more sensible if you kept right on living more or less as you used to do back where you came from—but somehow practically no one ever tries to do that. Funny, isn't it, pal?

For instance, why don't you settle for one of those lower-priced cars (lower-priced sounds so much nicer than "cheaper," doesn't it?)

All right, don't look so insulted; by all means buy the Cadillac and the Jaguar. You're a big shot now, of course, and if a big shot doesn't get big, people are apt to think he's shot.

There you are, then, ensconced in the ranch house, pal, with the gleaming transportation in the various garages.

Now it's starting, now you're really going to learn the hard way just what life is like when you've arrived at what is laughingly known as the top in this business. And oh, brother, are they going to stretch you over the barrel!

You see, everybody is well aware of the fact that you are a rich man—or at all events get a lot of money every week. You advertise the fact, don't you, pal? Well, then you must expect that the other people can read.

A well-known woman star, who lives in the Valley, wanted her house repainted. Not long ago. They came and gave her an "estimate" for—little matter of \$9,500 (£3,036).

It was a racket, of course, but she paid it. Why? Because, pal, like all the stars, she is terrified of getting a reputation as a tightwad. Want no unpleasant news. Anything for a quiet life (You'll soon find that out, too!)

Another star—millions of girls have his picture hanging over their beds just like you may do—one day—wanted his drive-way repainted.

They came and looked at it and gave him an estimate which he accepted. The next day they came back, looked at it again and doubled the estimate.

When he protested (mildly) they said: "You can afford it, can't you?" He paid 'up, too.

## PALS, PAL

SO it goes, pal. They have to put their money out for all sorts of charities. So will you. I'm not saying you wouldn't want to anyway, for worthy charities and within reason. But this is really something. It's stupendous the way you'll get taken to the cleaners. And you won't dare say no or squawk, pal.

If you do, the stories that will start! You won't like some of the things that will get circulated about you one little bit. Nor will the studio, pal. So you'll pay.

And at Christmas time! You'll wonder if you grew a long, white beard overnight, because everyone will seem to be mistaking you for Santa Claus.

(London Express Service.)

# The man who vanished

JOSEPH WILBERFORCE MARTIN vanished in Pall Mall wearing an opera hat and evening dress. It hardly sounds the costume for a disappearing act, but there may have been method behind it.

He vanished just outside the RAC Club at 11.30 p.m., April 3, 1913, an hour, date and place at which opera hats were not as conspicuous as they might be now.

Martin was a cotton broker from Memphis, Tennessee, and supposed to be rich. Even in those days all American business men were supposed to be millionaires.

He had been in England organising a deal, and on the night he vanished had dinner at the RAC Club with an English business friend.

After arranging a dinner for the following night, which was to be his last in England, the American finished his cigar and said he must be off, as he had a date with a beautiful woman from Brazil.

The porter called a taxi. Martin got in, opera hat and all, and from that moment disappeared. He never returned to his rooms for more suitable clothing, he didn't turn up for his dinner appointment, he didn't catch the boat he had planned to do.

The taxi driver was never traced, nor was the mysterious beauty from Brazil.

Two days later the opera hat was found by some ruffians in Pelvedere Road, south of the

# in Dress Clothes....

BERNARD WICKSTEED continuing his case-histories to parallel the missing Burgess and Maclean

river. Near by was a gold chain he had been wearing and a ruffled waistcoat containing business cards, but no money.

The obvious conclusion, and possibly it was intended to be obvious, was that someone had robbed and done away with Mr Joseph Wilberforce Martin.

It was said he was carrying £100 cash when he vanished. A reward of £500 was offered by his relatives in case he was being held for ransom. An American private detective was engaged to help in the hunt.

For a moment everyone thought the mystery was solved when the friend Martin had last dined with received a telegram from Vevey in Switzerland. It said: "Am all right. Stop inquiries. Letter follows. Joe." No letter did follow and no one remotely resembling Mr Martin had stayed at any Vevey hotel.

But then things began to happen. First of all, the Ameri-

can detective who had been engaged by the family ceased to make any more inquiries. He said he was satisfied Martin was alive.

The missing man's brother and nephew, who were going to England to search for him, cancelled their passages at the last moment. They, too, appeared to know something.

## ★

The aura of riches around the American suddenly dissolved. The deal in England hadn't come off, and in Memphis there were hints of trouble.

Indeed, Mr Joseph Wilberforce Martin might have had every reason for wanting to vanish.

As for as England was concerned, the attitude seemed to be: "Well, jolly good luck to him," and he was forgotten; for 18 years. Quite suddenly he rocketed back into the

news. Of all the curious things that could happen to a vanished man, he had inherited a fortune—about £200,000. And nobody knew where he was.

At least nobody was certain. Some years before a man had claimed to have met Martin. In a Mexican coasting a fellow countryman, he had revealed his identity and said he was living as a coffee planter in a remote part of Mexico under the name of Jose Aschelin.

Two American lawyers set out to find him and bring him the glad news. But if it had been Martin that the Americans met in the coast, he'd given a false address, for the lawyers found no trace of him.

If Joseph Wilberforce Martin is still alive he is 79 years old and worth a lot more money than he thinks.

(London Express Service.)

## NANCY

That's The End!

By Ernie Bushmiller



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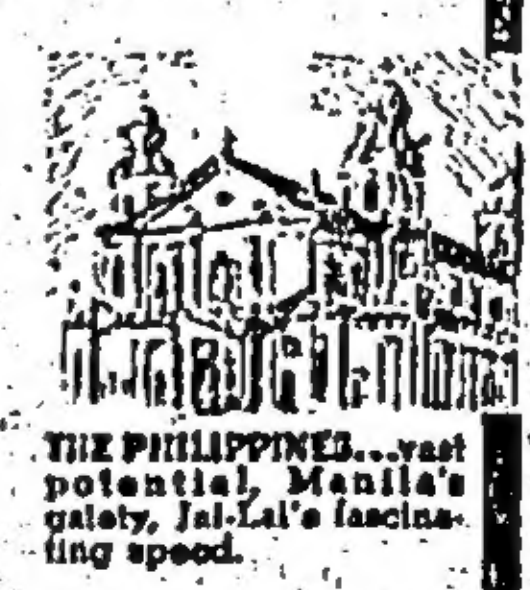
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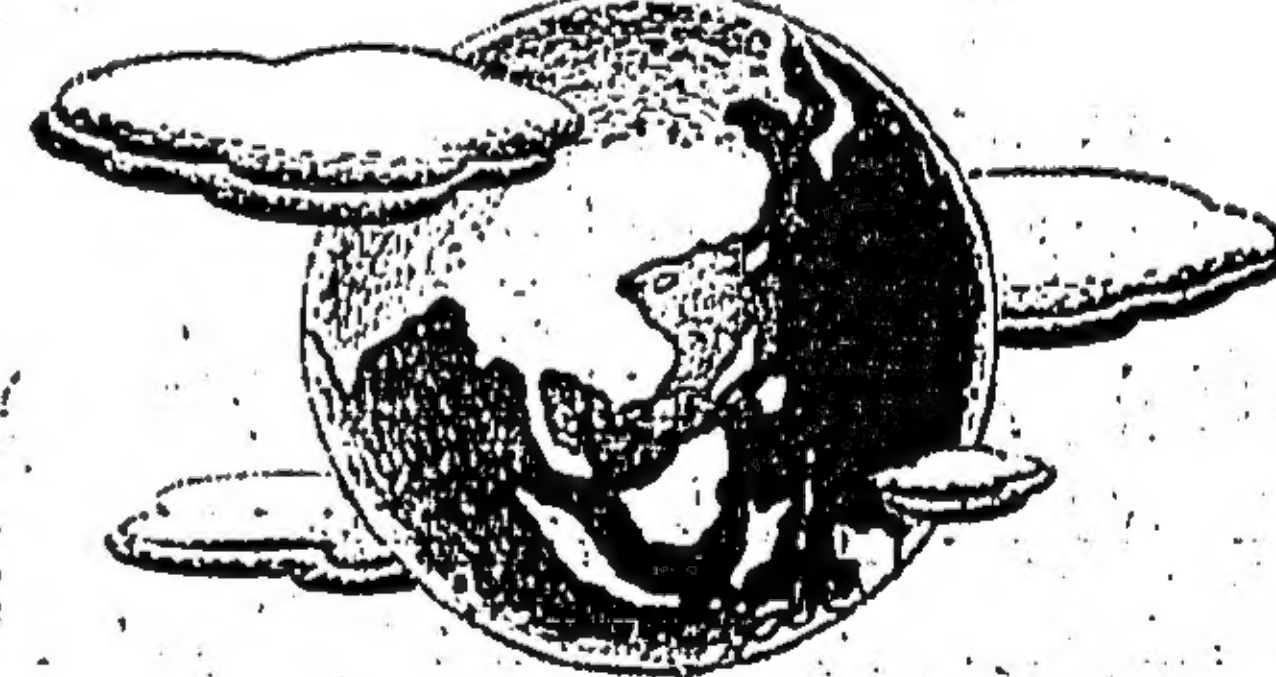
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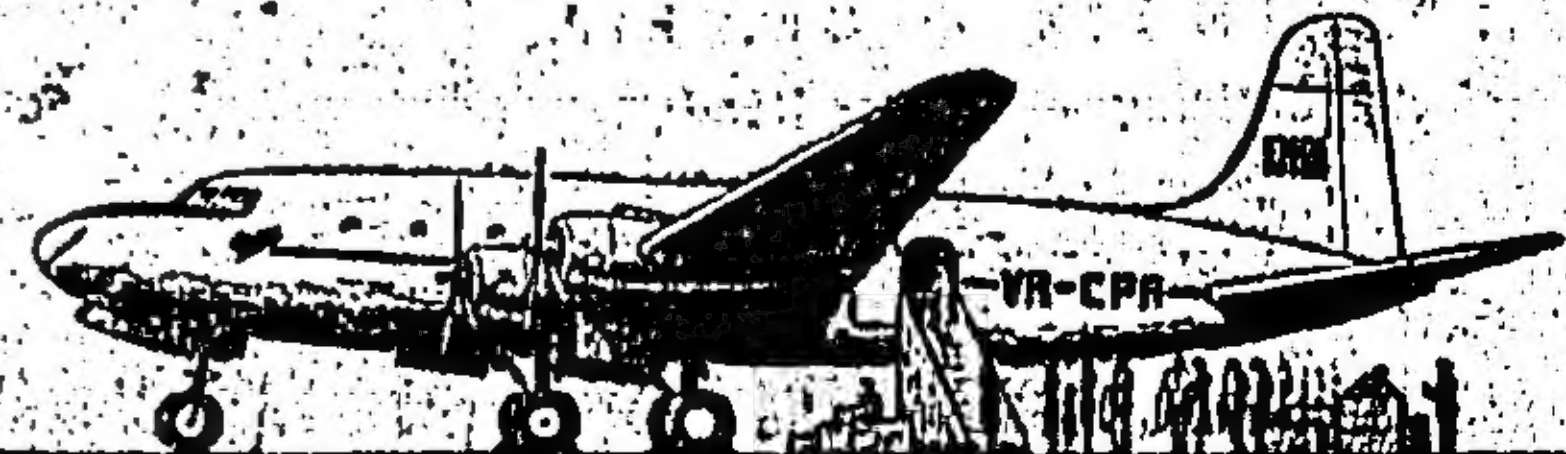


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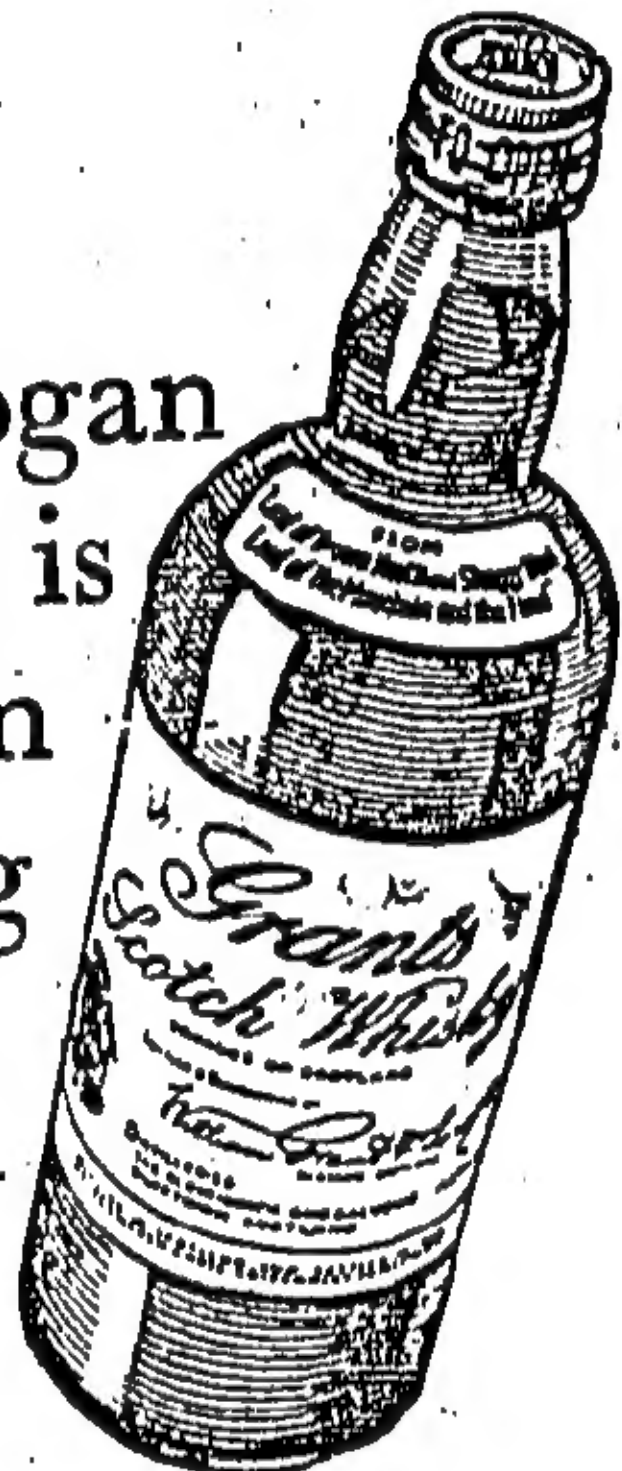


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CAUSE AND EFFECT

## Elizabeth Bowen

COMES BACK TO STUDY

### A MATTER OF LIFE & DEATH

MEMBERS of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, under chairman Sir Ernest Gowers, have resumed their sessions in London. Secret sessions, for at this stage the public are not admitted. Soon they must make up their minds whether murderers should hang or not. They have been at it for two and a half years, and their report is due in December.

Two women are on the Commission — Dame Florence Hancock, of the Transport and General Workers Union, and Elizabeth Bowen, novelist, whose CBE (three years ago) was awarded for "services to literature."

Miss Bowen sits on the Commission as Mrs Alan Cameron, and this is the name inscribed on her impressive black despatch box with the Royal cipher (gift of the Government), which now overflows with official documents on the death penalty.

She is still wondering why she was picked for the job. She is no Dorothy Sayers, no Agatha Christie, has never attended a murder trial.

"Rare sensitiveness and inspection" are the kind of words critics use for her finely spun novels and short stories into which such debates as the pros and cons of death by hanging have never intruded.

"I expect," she says with a smile, "that I am just the man in the street."

### At Sing-Sing

PROBABLY the Commission's work has benefited from Miss Bowen's intelligence. But even as Mrs Cameron she is highly untypical of the ordinary citizen.

She was the only woman member of the Commission to go on its recent three-weeks' trip to the United States and examine the workings of the electric chair at Sing-Sing.

There was no victim in the chair at the time, but Miss

### WOMAN OF THE WEEK

by Evelyn Irons

Bowen found it shocking enough. Although she is a great reader of detective stories and a glutton for films, she had no realistic mental picture of the execution scene. If she thought of the electric chair at all, she saw it surgical, hygienic and chromium.

"But in the room was an old wooden chair—a homely chair which might have come from High Wycombe," she said. "Somehow that made it more horrible."

Added horror was the range of 24 seats for spectators, for in America executions are public. It seemed to her as if the condemned man had to take his death before a studio audience.

When she is not engaged on deliberations on the death penalty, Miss Bowen works office hours (9.30 until 9) on a novel she has just started.

Husband Alan Cameron (they married in 1923) works office hours at the gramophone record company where he is educational adviser.

His wife sits writing in her first-floor study in their Regency house overlooking Regent's Park; the room, like the rest of the house, is all light and air, with wide curtainless sash windows down to the bare parquet floor.

### The gentry

IN London she lives economically, keeps one Breton manservant, and no car.

"I keep Bowen's Court with my writing," she says.

Bowen's court, big, bare house in County Cork built nearly 200 years ago by an ancestor, is familiar to her readers.

she wrote a book about it. She is the first woman to have inherited the house and its 300 acres; she spends four months of the year there, has just returned from a three-week visit ("I try to be a good landlord.")

"Fairly ordinary Anglo-Irish country gentry," she calls her family in that book, and herself when young she described in the words of her mother (who died when her only daughter was 13), "a helplessly hopeful look, that I would never be pretty, but that she hoped I would grow up to have a nice character."

The prophecy seems accurate. At 52 Miss Bowen is not pretty, but she has a distinctive good look with her wide, serene face, reddish hair smoothed to a low knot and curiously penetrating pale blue eyes.

She was educated at a boarding school in Kent; regrets that she never took a university degree ("I don't suppose I could have passed the exams.")

She thought of being an illustrator, studied briefly at a London art school ("I imitated Beardsley but found I was no draughtswoman"); had embarked on a course of journalism at London University when she threw it up at 24 to marry. Already she had published two books of short stories; hers was one of the rare marriages that encouraged the wife's career instead of cutting it short.

She was not one of those who spent the war in neutral Eire. She stayed at the Regent's Park house; from 1940 was a raid warden in Marylebone.

Out of that drab experience she wrote "The Heat of the Day."

### No cook

At home, Miss Bowen is no cook, but enjoys polishing her choice old furniture; takes a bit at those "who smear at women who spend their time doing the flowers" (it would like to spend a morning doing that and Bowen's Court. I often do.)

She relaxes by doing elaborate "montages" for screens—a high-brow version of pasting up scraps. Any minute now she will buy a set of postcards following the trend towards amateur art (I have to cut masses of sheer description from my writing, and I feel I must record it in some way.)

But her dominating hobby is meeting people. No ivory tower for Miss Bowen, who enjoys nothing better than hearing others talk.

Which perhaps explains why they were "not so crazy when they asked her to speak for the man in the street on that matter of life and death."

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# RED MILLIONAIRE

NEW YORK.

WHERE, the judge wanted to know, do Communists find bail of the order of twenty or thirty thousand dollars apiece?

He had just learned that four of the 11 members of the American Politburo, whom he had sentenced to gaol had failed to show up—sacrificing a little matter of 80,000 dollars.

The man who might know where it came from was Frederick Vanderbilt Field, secretary of the Civil Rights Congress, which America's Attorney-General has listed as subversive and which had put up the money. If Field knew, he was not saying. Judge Sylvester Ryan's cold blue eye met Field's cold grey eyes. Then the judge snapped, "Contempt of court—ninety days in gaol."

"Notice of appeal," retorted Mr Field. Now the man with the magic middle name is giving every sign that if he must go behind bars he will, but what he will not do is reveal whether he himself was the "Angel" which would surprise practically nobody—or if he was not who was.

### HARVARD MAN

FREDERICK Vanderbilt Field is a tallish man of 45 with Harold Lloyd glasses, a millionaire holding shares in 35 of America's biggest industrial enterprises, mostly oil and railroads. He differs from most millionaires in that he diverts the rich stream of dividends into the destruction of the system that makes them possible.

Why, with all his advantages, did Field decide to keep himself out of the game? Nobody knows for sure. But in his day Harvard, was the emotional epicentre of the Sacco and Vanzetti uproar and Thorstein Veblen's violent diatribe against the "leisure classes" was the "Students' Bible." It gives old Harvard the chills to think that Frederick Field's fondness for Communism may have been born in those lived greystone walls.

In 1927 Field journeyed to London and sat enthralled for



FIELD

His middle name is Vanderbilt—and he uses his wealth to tear down the system that made it

by FREDERICK COOK

a term at the feet of Harold Laski.

He came back a convinced Socialist, and soon after married Elizabeth Brown from Minnesota, with whom he toured Russia, looking into Socialism at first hand.

After their divorce he married wealthy Edith Hunter, a California socialite who has always strongly denied she ever was a Communist.

That marriage lasted 11 years. Four months after they were divorced in 1949 he married the present Mrs Field, formerly Mrs Anita Cohen Boyer, whose first husband, Dr Raymond Boyer, a rich scientist, was convicted in the Canadian spy trials.

Field's New York home today is the place where you rub shoulders with the top Left Wingers. Paul Robeson drops in often. The drinks and food are by no means plebeian. Field himself often puts aside his Martini—very dry, please, and no olive—before the guests have left and goes off to bed. He puts in a 10-hour day at offices he maintains with a touch of whimsy—in the old Astor headquarters. There he devotes himself to a private project for bringing all Left-Wing groups under a single roof and to writing his walls.

In 1927 Field journeyed to London and sat enthralled for

"I don't write easily," he says. "I have to polish and repolish over and over again."

What is the burden of his message to the converted? Get the American troops out of poor down-trodden Japan. And hands off Korea.

Field has never admitted that he is a Communist. But he has never denied that he is pro-Communist nor taken steps to end the frequent description of him in the American Press as a Communist.

Certainly he is a backer of organizations most people could not tell from Communist if you offered them the Star of Lenin. Last October Field formally registered as a foreign agent for financial interests in Red China. He listed himself, too, as a director of Soviet Russia Today, a slick magazine featuring bovine Moujik types beaming their simple way through the golden life in the Soviet paradise.

A few weeks earlier he had been cited in the Senate for contempt for refusing to say whether he is a Communist or not.

Field lives in a tastefully furnished four-floor house in Greenwich Village, among the sidewalk art exhibitions of the Left Bank. His income is invested capital of not less than a couple of million.

### HIS CLUB

OF this he never earned a penny. It came from the redoubtable old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the hardbitten tugboat skipper who flung a gristle of railroads around America's waist in the early days of industrialism and was Frederick Field's great-grandfather.

Field is still a member of the most Tory of all New York's Tory clubs—the plush-chaired Harvard Club next to Tommy Lipton's favourite place, the Yacht Club, on 44th Street. His membership comes to him by right; he took a Harvard degree in the early 'twenties. His parents were quiet, country club people, Frederick and they, being English, would have ornamented Melton Mowbray.

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PARIS NEWSLETTER from SAM WHITE

## The richest man goes to see his wife

A VERY odd family reunion is now taking place in a four-storey grey stone mansion in the Avenue d'Iena, which is known to Parisians as "the house with a tree growing out of its roof." For oil millionaire Calouste Gulbenkian—who is said to be the richest man in the world—is back home on a two-month visit to his wife and daughter.

Normally he lives in a hotel suite in Lisbon. This is his first visit to them in three years. How is he spending his time here? Briefly, in a manner which fits to perfection the part of poor little rich-man.

### HIS RUSSIAN VALET

GULBENKIAN is 82—short, tubby, with gentle brown eyes and bristling grey moustache. He rarely leaves his house, sees only his servants and members of his family.

He occupies a small wing in the vast 30-roomed house. It is a palace of a house with a marble hallway, famous art treasures and roof garden for which an entire top floor filled with earth provides the subsoil. In the wing where he is living Gulbenkian is attended by his Ukrainian valet-masseur.

Most days Gulbenkian spends himself, sitting in the shade reading books about landscape gardening. Occasionally his Rolls Royce drives him to an

exclusive corner of the Bois de Boulogne where he goes for solitary walks or to an art gallery where he buys yet another picture to add to his already unrivalled private collection of art treasures.

He joins his family for meals in the tapestry-laden dining-room where two white-gloved footmen and a butler wait at the table. The printed menu card is rarely changed. There are yoghurt, fruit, jam and oriental sweets for Gulbenkian, poached eggs and veal for the rest of the family.

He loves a patriarchal toll of unquestioned obedience and respect from his family. Knowing his passion for privacy they rarely discuss him with strangers. He insists on a variety of minor domestic economies.

Mrs Gulbenkian (her Christian name is Rosemarie) means "New Rose" in Armenian. She is a stout, jovial woman who looks like Sophie Tucker and has much the same capacity for enjoying herself. She is 76 years old. She married Gulbenkian in London 50 years ago when she was 17.

She likes parties, enjoys cooking Armenian delicacies for her family, and adores her grandson Michael, who is 21 and who went to Oxford.

She likes parties, enjoys cooking Armenian delicacies for her family, and adores her grandson Michael, who is 21 and who went to Oxford.

ARMENIAN - BORN Gulbenkian was a naturalised British in 1902. His fortune, mainly from oil, is estimated at £200 million. He was discharged from his honorary post as commercial attaché to the Persian Embassy in Paris last month on the ground that he owns Anglo-Iranian shares.

His 45-year-old daughter, Rita, plays a part in the social life of the British Embassy in Paris. Apart from this she is self-effacing, rarely seen in fashionable restaurants or night clubs.

Rita drives her own car, a 1936 Austin, entertains friends in what she calls "my slum flat," a three-roomed apartment with no bathroom, which she uses to escape from the splendours of the Gulbenkian house. She buys her clothes from a local seamstress. Once, to prove her independence, she worked as a cook.

Her husband's name is Kovork Essayan. He is an Armenian and is an executive in one of her father's companies.

### THE WORKING CLASS

CULTURAL news from UNESCO: The Argentine has not paid her annual subscription for two years. Barred from voting because of this, the Argentine Ambassador in Paris, Hector Madero, dramatically wrote out a cheque for 100 dollars. (His country owes UNESCO \$10,000 dollars.)

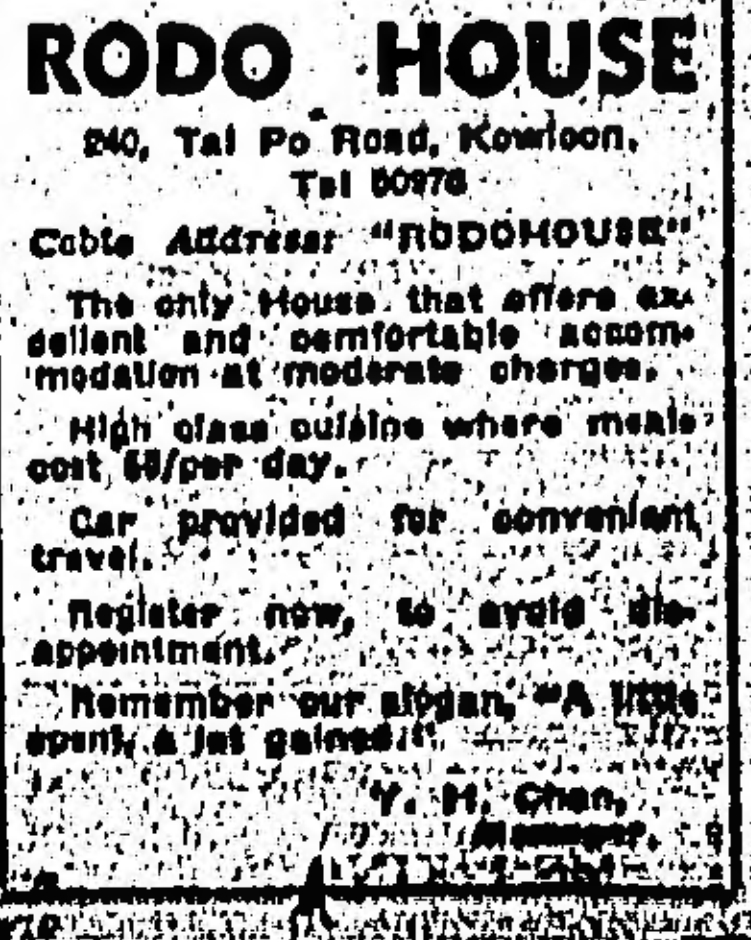
Solemnly the delegates decided that in view of the ambassador's munificent gesture the Argentine should be allowed to vote.

A newly-appointed UNESCO secretary from England told me she was dissatisfied with her job. "I just cannot make do on my salary," she complained. Her salary is £16 a week (tax free).

When I suggested she might try for another job she said, "That would be difficult. You see I can't type or do shorthand."

By Frank Robbins

### JOHNNY HAZARD



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Y. H. Chen, Manager



# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

By Dorothy Barkley

## EVEN THE BRIDAL GOWN HAS A "DUAL-PURPOSE" NOWADAYS

LONDON.

**O**f all traditions that of the bridal ensemble is surely the most reluctant to give way to change. When you think of a bride, don't you immediately picture clouds of tulle, gleaming satin and orange blossoms?

New ideas on the subject, however, are hitting London—and becoming popular.

One London designer now includes in his range a number of models in soft shades of pink and blue. His materials range from broche damask, brocade, heavy slipper satin to gold and silver brocades. We were so impressed by the appearance of a gown in peacock pink brocade, shown at a collection recently, that we chose it immediately as the gown of the season.

More and more brides these days must plan and budget their trousseaux with care and forethought. They welcome the "transformation" dress, which is easily converted after the wedding into an evening dress. This is done by means of detachable long sleeves, removable boleros, and aprons which do double duty as caps. For this type of dress, it is wise to avoid satin, and best to choose a material that is young and appropriate for wearing at dances. Organdie, tulle, net, brocade make exquisite dresses which, with clever designing, look well both on and after "the day". To illustrate the design clearly, we show two views of the

dress—before and after transformation. As wedding dress (illustration left) it is complete with long-sleeved bolero, full train, and headresses. As evening dress it is complete without the bolero, and the train has been levelled off. The bolero has an all-over honey-comb design. The bolero, which is housed in encased, with beading in pearls, silver bugles and cabochons to tone with the material, (illustration right).

The same designer has also a range of dual-purpose bridesmaids' dresses, perhaps in satin with silver thread embroidery on the bodice.

If you decide against a transformation dress, have you considered a crinoline? A London designer, who specialises in luxurious crinolines, now makes them for bridal wear. He suggests ivory duchesse satin, embroidered by hand with pearl

bugles. The design on the skirt is outlined with a drop-pearl fringe, and the necklines are outlined with the same fringe and a veil of silk tulle, strown with pearls.

On the other hand, you feel you want something particularly young and fresh, yet another London designer suggests white, tucked organdie with a pale blue sash.

### HEADRESSES

We have noticed some particularly attractive styles for headresses in London recently. There is the floral variety—white carnations, marguerites, lilacs-of-the-valley, or the traditional orange blossom finished with satin, tulle or organdie. Looking for something more dramatic? What about a small pill-box of white bridal satin veiled with net?



LEFT: Before transformation. A full wedding dress in embroidered pink brocade with long-sleeved bolero, full train and headresses.



RIGHT: The same gown transformed into an evening dress with pearl-embroidered bodice without the bolero and the train levelled off.

## WANTED on the VOYAGE

THE PRINCESS PICKS THE CLOTHES TO PUT IN HER TRUNK

**P**RINCESS ELIZABETH'S October visit to Canada will make Norman Hartnell a busy man. Not only must he create exclusive designs for the Princess's suits, dresses, coats, cocktail and evening gowns, but many materials will have to be specially obtained and dyed.

Hartnell spent several hours at Clarence House one afternoon talking to the Princess about her wardrobe. She is the only one of his customers to see his closely guarded secrets of his export collection, due to be shown in London on July 24. Designs chosen will have to be withdrawn from the collection and replaced before the 24th.

Sage green, the colour the Princess has worn recently so successfully, is likely to figure prominently in her Canadian wardrobe. It is far more flattering than the soft pastel pinks and blues she has favoured in the past.

Most of the materials will be smooth, cut on slimming lines, and there will be lavish touches of the new spot-proof crease-proof velvet.

Hartnell likes to do most of his designing at his agency house, which stands in the New Forest surrounded by paddocks, woods and lake. One day he wants to build a small Greek temple on the island in the middle of the lake—"when I find time to design it."

**Shaggy dog hats.** The Princess's hats will be designed by Danish-born Aage Tharup. He has already completed a number of his autumn models and if the Princess chooses any of these they will be withdrawn from the collection. All the Royal hats must be exclusive.

Tharup is using a lot of bearskin fells, like the eye-catching, Trooping the Colour model. Most of his autumn materials are long-haired velours,

fringed velvet and plush. "Shaggy dog models," he calls them.

As they contain silk and reflect the light, colours are stronger than usual including in the wonderful jewel shades in Gothic church windows. There will be few veils, many jewelled buckles and hat-pins, and ostrich feathers used in a new way, split and tailored over the base of the hat and then veiled with tulle.

**Less make-up.** THE Princess will find Canadian fashions less elaborate than the British.

Outside Montreal few women wear hats in the daytime.

Black is not the traditional winter colour as it is in London and Paris and is rarely worn, except by visitors.

The short evening dress is far more popular among the smarter younger set than in Britain.

Women wear less make-up, and are more modest in their style of dress, particularly in French Canada. In Quebec province not a single evening or cocktail gown with a low décolletage could be seen.

(World Copyright Reserved.—London Express Service.)

## A £1,158-WEDDING

**HAVE** you always longed to have a Society wedding at a Society church? Have you dreamed of walking up the aisle, a full choir singing, the organ playing?

★ Have you imagined yourself standing to have your picture taken on a red carpet, beneath a striped awning, the bells pealing, and extra police holding back the crowds?

And then of the subsequent wonderful reception, with 200 guests, and of a honeymoon in the South of France?

Well, it would cost you these days about £1,158 10s.

Someone recently married at St. Margaret's, said that the red carpet and awning cost £6, the bells £5, the organist and full choir £22, the flowers £26, the extra police (yes you can hire a policeman) £5 10s. for six.

The bride's dress and going away outfit would cost £300. The bridesmaids (6) £250 each. The rector's fee is £25, the honeymoon £240. And the reception? About 25s. a head.

**Why so early?**

**WHY** do the summer sales start so early? The summer has only just started, but women

SCOTTIE SAYS



"The trouble with you is that you've got so many places to try out new hair styles, you can't make up your mind."

wanting to buy holiday clothes find little but oddments and sales reductions in the stores.

Many women cannot afford to buy clothes weeks in advance of their holidays.

The London shops say: "We have always started our summer sales in early July. After that we stocktake, and then get autumn and winter styles delivered."

The shops should carry normal summer clothing stocks in July. Early August is soon enough for the summer clearance sales to begin.

(London Express Service.)

### Plastics

## Star In Modern Furniture

**NEW YORK.**—Plastics, once relegated to an unglamorous role in the kitchen, now have moved into a starring part in every room in the house.

The time was when this durable synthetic was used largely for kitchen counters and other work areas which took a lot of abuse from the housewife. Now designers, capitalising on this durability are using it for furniture for the dining, living and bedrooms.

Representative pieces of furniture were displayed by a firm which makes plastic laminates. Styled by leading "names" in the furniture business, one collection included dining room tables, television consoles, desks, coffee tables, buffets, serving carts, occasional tables and dressing tables.

**Resistant to Stains**

To show that laminated furniture was mar-proof, Monsanto smeared a combination of "household hazards" on the shining mahogany-like finish of a dining room table. Mustard, catnip, cleaning fluid, crayon marks, shoe polish and nail polish remover all wiped off with a damp cloth or soap suds, without harm to the surface. Hot plates, lit cigarettes and metal ashtrays left neither rings nor scars.

The sales manager, James Turnbull, explained that a layer of aluminium sheeting dispersed heat and prevented damage. He pointed out that the furniture wasn't made of laminates alone but of the synthetic combined with paper, wood, fabric or aluminium in plywood-like layers.

Finishes ranged from white through grey, blond and on to black. Also they simulated the grain of birch, blond or dark mahogany veneers. A mahogany-finish Duncan Phyfe table and 18th century occasional tables carried the plastic into traditional furniture, although most of the designs were modern.—United Press.

## Buy a Stylish Hairpiece



You can change your coiffure completely with a stylish hairpiece. This short blonde looks chic, for instance, with the addition of a braid made of pure silk.

By Helen Follett

We hear about the Psyche knot and the chignon. They are not one and the same. The Psyche was popular in that remote period when women had plenty of pigtail material. The hair to which a woman was naturally attached was tied securely midway between the crown of the head and the nape line. A large up-and-down puff was made, the ends of the hair coiled around it. This structure extended outward for four or five inches.

**Back of Head**

The chignon is a coil placed low at the back of the head. It is popular with some pretty models who have long hair. Hairdressers are creating them right now and they are a happy change from short locks, especially for gala evening.

When purchasing extra pieces, the natural growth must be matched exactly and it is a mistake to purchase any other than what is known as first grade. It is of course more expensive than coarse shams, but worth the difference. Cheap offerings not only look counterfeit, but they soon fade in colour and must go into the discard.

A new feature is the bustle curl, a round mass of short ringlets that can be worn high or low. Placed low there is need of anchorage that is supplied by a thin rubber cord that encircles the head, over which one's natural locks are placed to hide it.

A side part shingle can be disguised by wearing a wide bandeau of hair with a small group of flat curls at one side where the "switch" meets. If you don't know what switch means, ask grandma. She wore yards of them in her younger days.

## Woman with a soft voice talks to men

DREAM MUSIC, HUSKY TONES



**PROMPTLY** at 11.15 each night a pretty Californian housewife settles down in the living-room of her Hollywood home and talks over 78 radio stations to hundreds of thousands of lonely men.

To 32-year-old Mrs. Jean King the nightly 15 minutes of soft words and sweet music means \$23,300 a year.

Mrs. King's programme goes

husband is smoking his pipe in the next room.

Wearing a mask and calling herself "Your Lonesome Gal" (the name she chose for herself on the air), she broadcasts 225 shows a week and sometimes works 12 hours a day to supply sentimental chatter and music for her programmes.

**Love letters.**

Her living-room has been converted into a special studio with a super-sensitive microphone to pick up every husky

word she utters. The programme

by the thousands. Women write too in various modes. Some letters are accusations that Lonesome Gal is trying to woo their men away from them. But it makes no difference. Each night the low, husky tones come pouring over the radio: "This is your lonesome gal. Remember, baby, I love you better than anyone in the whole world."

**Quiet life.**

Then, while her fans gather in closer to the radio, the husky wife disc-jockey puts on a sentimental dream tune.

Mrs. King started her programme in Hollywood, 17 years ago, recording programmes at stations only. Today she is heard in all the big cities of the United States.

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**SAVINGS**



**Australian Roasting Chicken**  
 Australia's Best Fowl  
 per lb. 12/-  
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 4 oz. 12/-  
 "Rice" Curry Powder  
 4 oz. 12/-  
 "Daw" Curry  
 4 oz. 12/-  
 "D.C.L." Curry  
 4 oz. 12/-  
 "Rice" Curry  
 4 oz. 12/-  
 "Rice" Curry  
 4 oz. 12/-

**at the DAIRY FARM**





MR U Tat-chee, well-known Hongkong industrialist and Vice-Chairman of the Hongkong Chinese Manufacturers' Union, was welcomed back from his European and American tour by fellow members of the Union at a banquet given at the Kam Ling Restaurant. Mr U is seen facing camera fifth from right. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Fourteenth of July celebrations, M. Pol Le Gourrierec, Acting Consul for France (left), honours a toast with His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. Right: M. and Mme Gourrierec receiving guests. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE made at the christening in Macao last week of Barbara Gwendoline Christiane, daughter of Major and Mrs John Drummond-Hay Chapman. The ceremony took place at the Morrison Memorial Church, where the first baptism was recorded in October 1855.



MR Joseph A. Gutierrez and Miss Angelina Maria Rodrigues were married at St Teresa's Church last Saturday. The happy couple and friends are seen outside the church after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



FAMILY group taken after the christening at the Hongkong Union Church last Sunday of Alison Jean, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Donald J. Boyd. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group picture taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral on Sunday last of Barbara Karen, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. A. de Romo. (Roy Tsang)



RELATIVES and friends of Mr and Mrs Li Fook-cheung and Mr and Mrs Li Fook-tai who attended the christening of their sons, Albert and David, at St Paul's Church last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Loh 'Pai-mei' pictured with their attendants after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was formerly Miss Fong Lee-ming. (Ming Yuen)

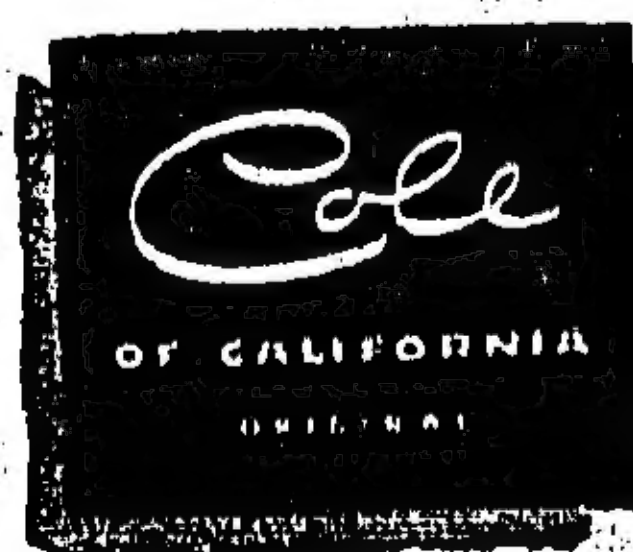


TEACHERS and junior middle school graduates of the Chung Ching Middle School, taken at recent close of term ceremonies. (Mainland Studio)

## Sun dresses

- day dresses
- summer cocktail and evening dresses

All by



in new styles and colours are now showing

exclusively at

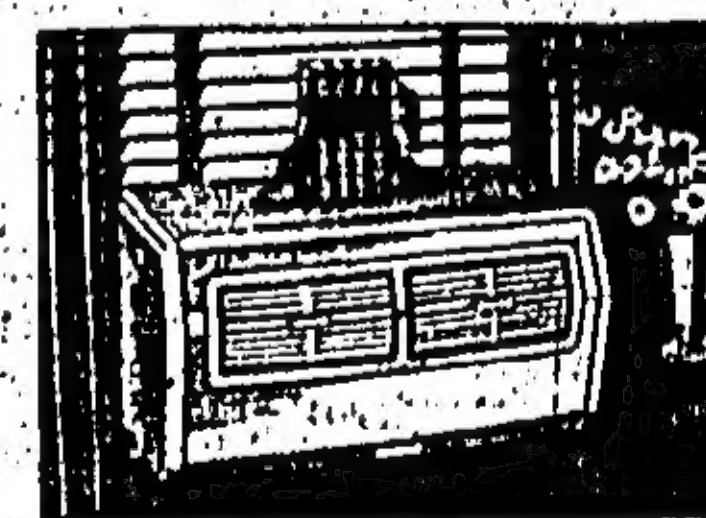
*Paguerette*



GROUP picture of the kindergarten class of the Pui To Girls' Middle School. (Mainland Studio)

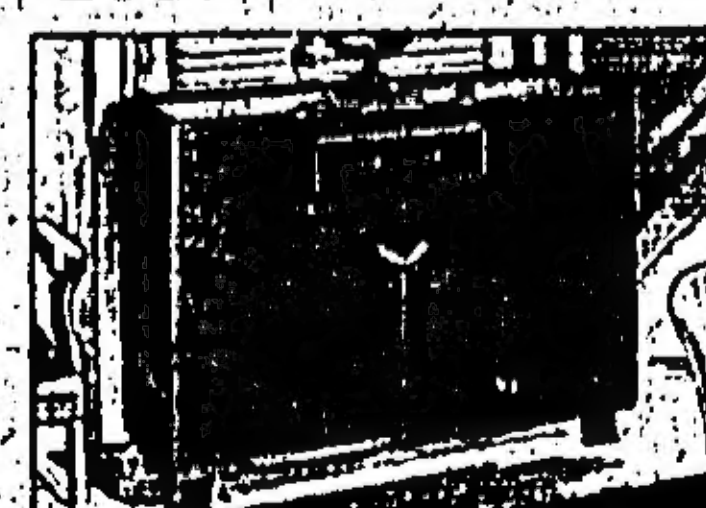
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THIS group of youngsters are gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Yim to celebrate the birthday of their baby daughter, Lulu. (Mainland Studio)



GROUP picture showing friends of Dr. Lim Tim-moi, medical officer of the Queen Mary Hospital, and Miss Wong Oi-wah, who attended their wedding at the Registry last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Luk Lee-on and Miss Pang Po-chun were joined in holy matrimony at St. Teresa's Church recently. Picture shows the newlyweds with their relatives after the ceremony. (Mainland Studio)



PICTURE taken at St. Joseph's Church last Sunday on the occasion of the christening of Gordon Michael, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Burns. (Staff Photographer)



MR. and Mrs. Alfred Chong with their attendants outside the Rosary Church following their recent wedding. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Luk. (Mainland Studio)



MISS Ho Chung-chung, headmistress of the True Light Middle School for Girls, presenting certificates at the annual graduation ceremony held last week. (Staff Photographer)



YOUNG students of the Fishermen's Children's School at Shaokwan photographed with their teachers after the prizegiving ceremony on Monday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, officiating at the opening of the Teachers' Summer School at Aberdeen on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)

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AIR Marshal Sir Arthur Sanders (right), Deputy Chief of the Air Staff, who arrived on Thursday for a short visit, conversing with the AOC, Air Commodore D. W. Bonham-Carter, at Kai Tak. (Staff Photographer)



SUB-INSPECTOR Gerald Peter Tebb, of the Hongkong Police, and Miss Cheung Wai-lin, who were married yesterday afternoon at the Registry. (Staff Photographer)

PRE-SHRUNK.

If you prefer a wool sock for summer wear, these are recommended. They have a lastex yarn top, and so avoid the use of garters, and come just above the ankle, hence —

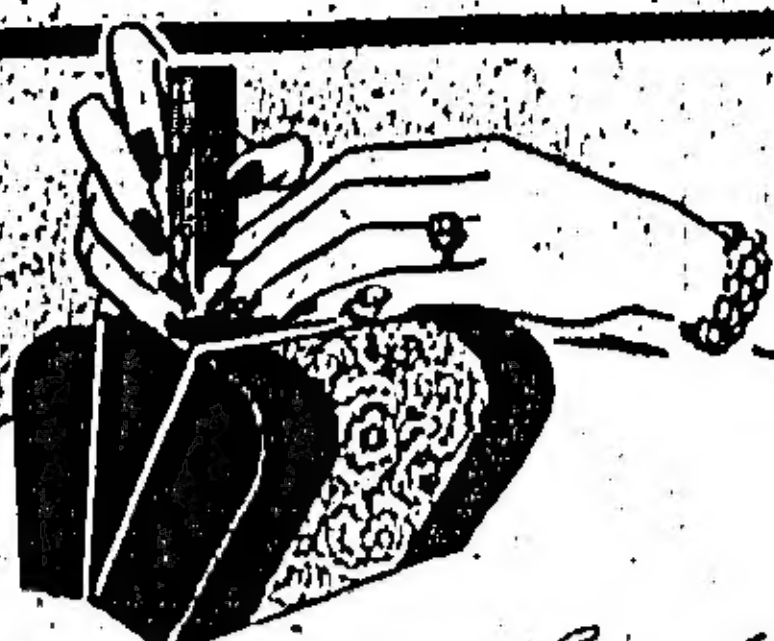
ANKLE-SOCKS  
by  
WOLSEY.

Fawn, nigger, maroon, yellow, green, grey, white.

MACKINTOSH'S



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



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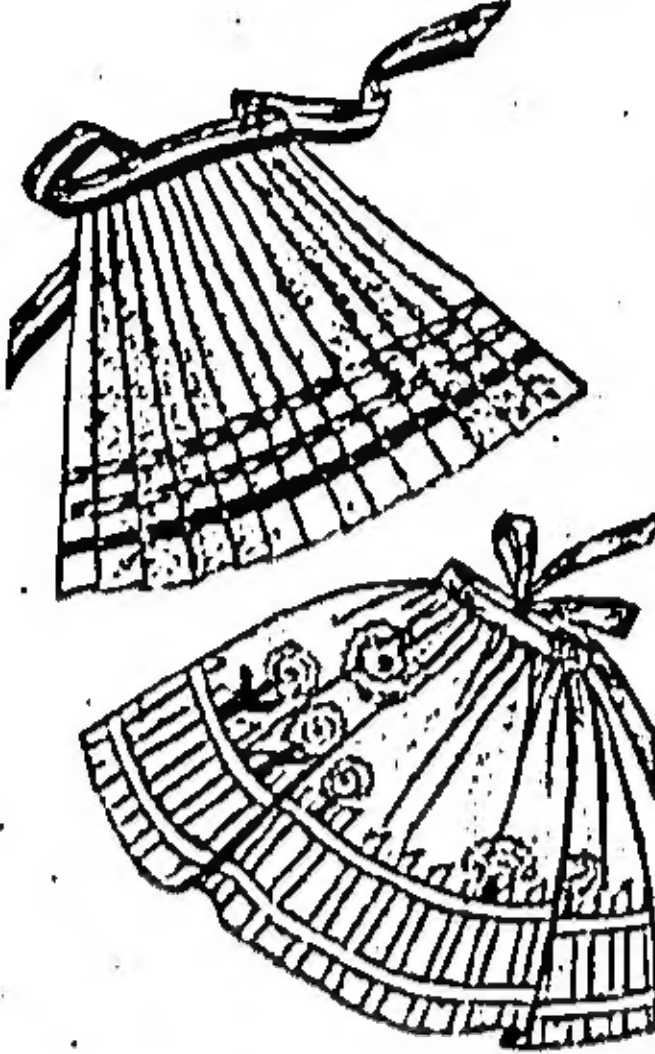
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3A Wyndham Street, (Next to S. C. M. Post). Tel: 32785.

## Your Sewing Scrapbook

by Mary Brooks Picken

### Pretty Hostess Aprons for Entertaining



Turn on diagonal edge of tape ¼" and baste, turning all in same direction, as drawing shows. Place the pickets on the apron, beginning at a line 7" above bottom edge. Pin these so they are spaced an even distance apart. Stitch each side and the ends of each piece of tape.

Turn the 7" at bottom up on under side so top edge comes to within 1" of top of picket points; turn narrow hem on this edge. Stitch tape across pickets, beginning 1½" from bottom and stitching through the pickets.

Arrange flowers by shaping rick-rack in round and round shapes and sewing these to place by hand. Cut green tape into lengths and arrange as stems and leaves, as shown.

Place stems between pickets so when last band of white tape is stitched on, all raw edges of the stem will be caught under this band of tape. Stitch second tape across pickets, beginning about 1" below picket tops and stitching through pickets, flower stems and the turned-back hem. Hem sides of apron, using a ¼" hem. Gather the top to measure 15". Centre the band and stitch it on. Hem raw edge and ends of each tie. Catch unhemmed end of ties under ends of waistband and stitch band on both sides and ends to make it secure and to conceal all raw edges.

**APRONS** can dress up a dress—make it gay and pleasing. A truly dainty and colourful one can give the guests as well as the hostess a lift.

**Pleated Nylon Apron:** We used ½ yds. of 50" nylon net for the apron and 3½ yds. each of 3 different pastel colours of ribbon for the trim.

To make, turn one 50" edge of the net over 2" and stitch bottom edge of your first and lowest band of ribbon over this, then stitch top edge of this ribbon. Add two more rows of ribbon above this, spacing each 1½" apart. Make a ¼" hem on both sides, catching all ribbon ends in hem so they cannot fray.

Lay seven 1½" pleats each side, centre front, bringing the edges of each pleat together. (Your canvas pleater will do such pleats in a jiffy.) Stitch 3 remaining strips of ribbon together and stitch to top of pleated net to complete the apron.

**Picket Fence Apron:** We used ¾ yd. of 56" red organdie, two 3-yd. pieces of ¾" white twilled tulle for fence, one yd. in green ¾" wide for stems and leaves of flowers, and one 5 yd. package of white rick-rack for the flowers themselves.

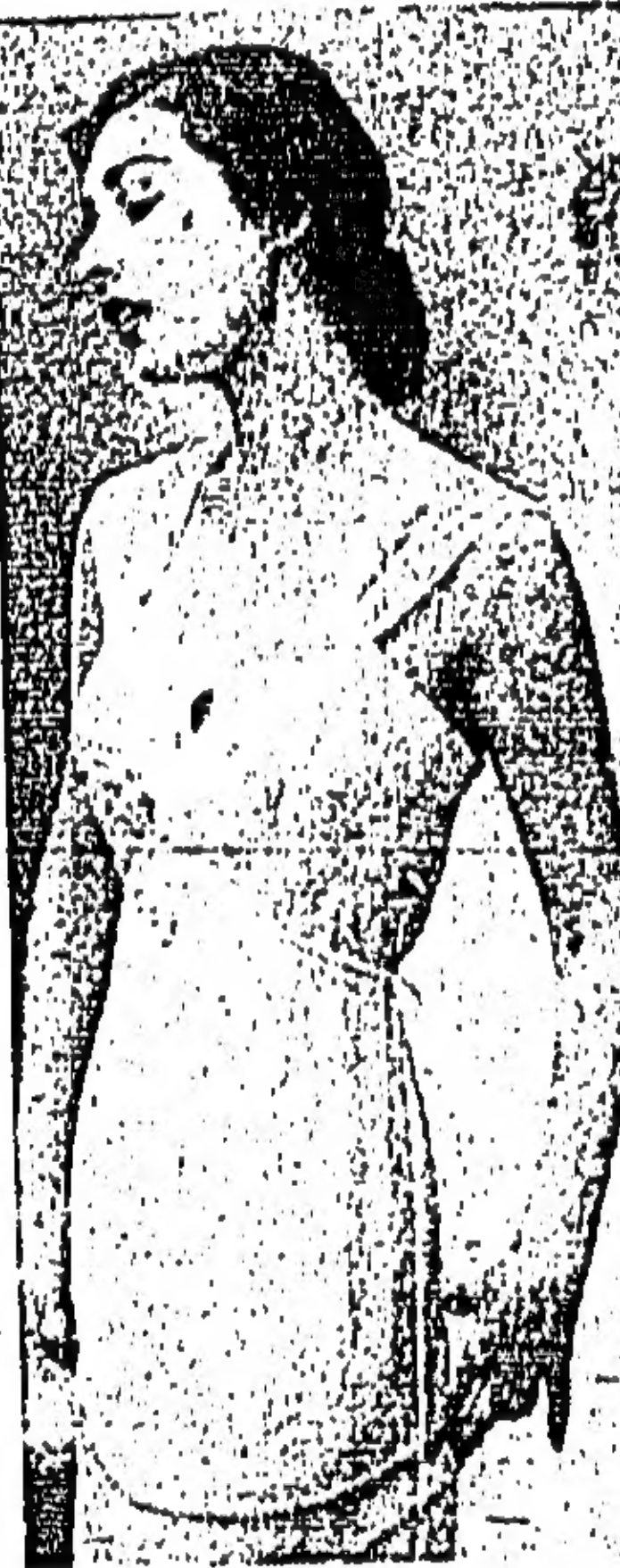
To make apron, cut two 3" wide strips for ties (one from each selvedge edge), then one 2" wide strip for band. For pickets, cut 15 pieces of white tape, each 8" long at longest point of picket. By cutting tape into 16" lengths, then cutting them in two diagonally, you will have points of the picket fence without any waste of tape.

**FALCONER'S**

THE COLONY'S JEWELLERS

### Nylon Nocturne

LINGERIE has become so smartly detailed, so beautiful, that it has become high fashion. Especially is this so of designs by leading houses, the majority of which display exquisite summer garments.



By ALICE ALDEN

Yolande does this entrancing nightgown in nylon crepe and garnishes it with shadowy, exquisite nylon Alencon lace for the bodice and shoulder straps, centred by a flower applique. We never cease to be amazed at how nylon takes to the tub and scorrs an iron.

## ★ PRETTY IT UP ★



**HANGING SHELVES** are useful and decorative. This homemaker uses them to display plants and cosmetics, hold small terry guest towels. Bath towel monograms key their colours to the wall.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

**WHY** is it that when decorating's being done the bathroom is the one room in the house that's likely to be overlooked?

It shouldn't be. Pretty up your bathroom. Make it bright and attractive.

Colour comes first. If your bathroom is already tiled in a colour, your scheme is more or less decided for you. But, if you're free to choose a new wall colour, you might experiment with a neutral shade which will enable you to change your bathroom colour scheme every week by using towels in different shades.

★ One homemaker has a bathroom with grey walls in which she uses black-and-white striped drapes and shower curtains. One week, she puts out cherry red and emerald green towels; another, petal pink with flamingo accents; a third week, she uses grey towels with citron accents. Her bathroom always looks smartly different.

And don't forget framed pictures: they help eliminate the stark white look of most bathrooms.

When it comes to accessories, consider not only the family's comfort but also guest convenience. This means a thoughtfully planned guest towel bar or shelf with a generous supply of usable—not too fancy—towels. The average visitor, and men especially, just hate to dirty one of those fancy guest towels. Small fringed



**DECORATIVE** touches here include a window draped with a swag of two towels stitched together, looped in contrasting colours.

## Classified Stain Removers

By ELEANOR ROSS

**WHILE** we highly recommend sending out good wardrobe and household effects for professional dry cleaning, we like to treat stains on linens and washable clothes as soon as possible after they occur. Some housewives are puzzled about the classification of stain removers into three general groups and want to know the whys and wherefores.

The three classes are, of course, bleaches, absorbents and solvents. Each has its own job to do and does it well if properly used.

**1. COMMON** bleaches for household use are hydrogen peroxide, peracetic acid, lemon juice and salt. Before using bleach on coloured or fine fabrics, it is wise to make a fabric test. If the bleach changes the colour of the fabric, use a weak solution. To use a chemical bleach such as hydrogen peroxide, stretch the stained fabric over a bowl of steaming hot water. Moisten stained area with water. Drop chemical on stain with medicine dropper; let stand a minute. Then rinse thoroughly by pouring water through fabric. Do not allow any bleach to remain in fabric. If it is washable, then wash and rinse directly in water.

With an acid, such as oxalic acid, apply an alkali such as ammonia water or borax solution to neutralise the acid and prevent fabric damage. If an alkali is used, neutralise it properly with an acid solution. Rinse well.

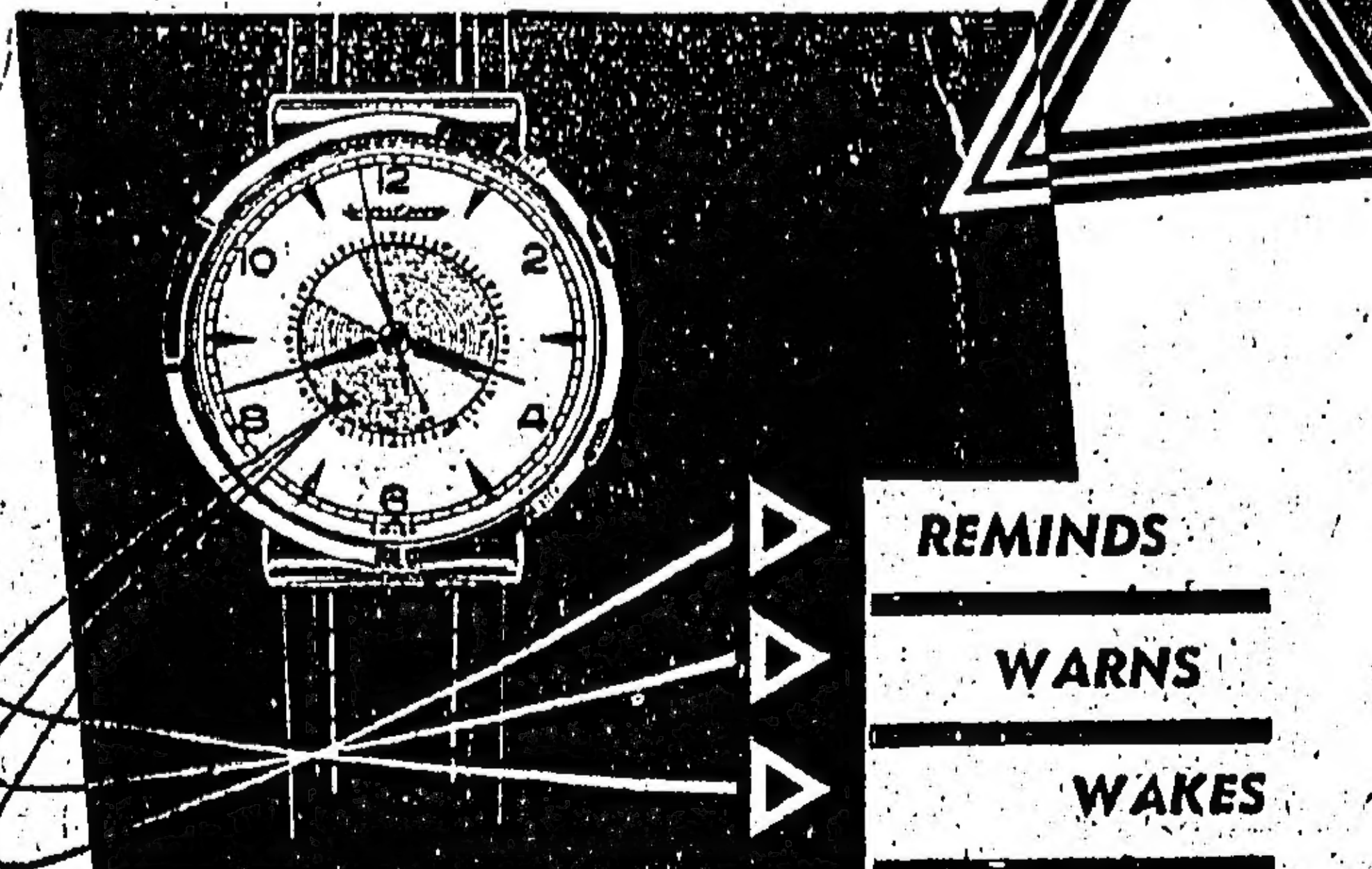
**2. ABSORBENTS** are substances that "take up" stains like a blotter. They have the advantage of not leaving a ring so can be used on fabrics that may water-spot. Absorbents are most effective when used on greasy or moist fresh stains. To use an absorbent such as French chalk or talcum powder, lay the stained fabric on a flat surface and spread the powder over the stain. Work powder into stain with a spatula or with the fingers, brushing it off as it becomes colourless, and repeating process until stain is gone.

**3. WATER,** carbon tetrachloride, benzene or alcohol are solvents, that is, they dissolve other substances. To sponge with a solvent, lay the fabric spot-side-down on a clean blotter or put made of folds of clean absorbent cloth. Then apply the solvent with a cloth, using light strokes and working from the outside to the centre of the spot. To avoid rings, do not use too much solvent at a time, and spread mixture unevenly at the edges. Work rapidly. Change pad when it becomes soiled. If the material is dark, wet an inconspicuous part, such as the hem of a dress, and use it to sponge the spot.

Water spots may be removed by rubbing fabric between hands when dry. Boiling water may be used for removing fruit, coffee or tea stains from white cottons or linens. Stretch fabric over a bowl and pour water from a height of 2 or 3 feet.

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*Memovox*

## F-I-R-S-T A-I-D FOR SUMMER

**NOSE BLEEDING:** Nose bleeding is common in summer. To stop the bleeding, the afflicted person should be placed on a chair, head downwards, clothes loosened, cold applications placed to the back of his neck by cloth wrung out in cold water. A roll of paper placed under the upper lip, between it and gums may help. If the bleeding continues, salt and water, one teaspoonful to a cup of water should be stuffed up the nose. If continued plug the nostril with a piece of cotton gauze and the soft part of the nose below the bone. Don't give stimulants.

**SUNSTROKE:** If Sunstroke is afflicting a person, the face is hot, flushed and dry. He should be cooled as quickly as possible. Cracked ice is applied with his head slightly raised, while the patient is lying. If conscious, cold water is given by the mouth or rectum. If he is

rubbed to bring blood to the surface and to avoid shock, he may be wrapped in cold water towel or put in cold bath. No stimulants should be given.

**TOOTHACHE:** Toothache, though occurring in all seasons, seems to be a little more common in the hot months.

When impossible to get to a dentist at once, clean out the cavity if accessible and place a small piece of cotton dipped in

oil of cloves in the cavity with toothpick. If treatment must be through the gum, use absorbent cotton, soaked in spirits of camphor as emergency measure.

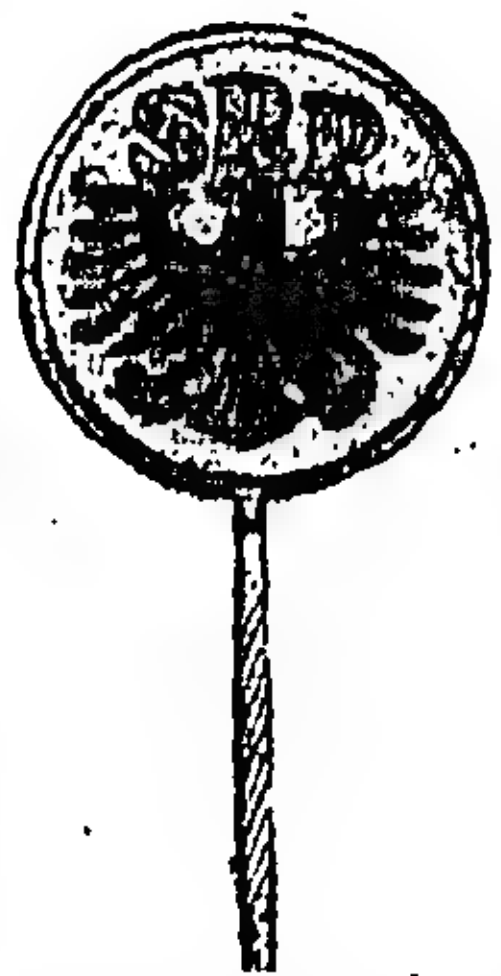
Children in summer should be given plenty of barley water, lemon-barley mixture, or other refreshing drinks. This besides cutting down the chance of summer illness, also prevents prickly heat and boils developing, so irritating to children.



**A FLOOR STAND** for towels provides the extra storage space a large family needs. The modern two-tone towel monogram is attractive.



# IS A NEW HITLER RISING?



This is the party badge which thousands of ex-Nazis are today wearing in the lapel where under Hitler they used to wear the Swastika. . . And this is the first full story of The Man Behind the Badge—and his meaning to Europe today.

by SEFTON DELMER

Veteran foreign correspondent, who, more closely than any other English writer, knew the leading Nazis from their early days to the full peak of their power.

THE long, angular young man fixed his grey eyes on mine, smiled and said: "Please don't misunderstand me, Herr Delmer. But . . . is this car of yours a German car? Has it got a German number? It would not do for me to be seen in a British car."

I was able to reassure him. The car, I told him, was a pure-bred German Opel. I had hired it in Düsseldorf. Not only did it have an unmistakably German number for all to see, but a driver who had told me with pride how he had been a member of the Nazi Party, had suffered for it, and was extremely anxious to meet the young man.

That dispelled all further qualms. The car was summoned. We got in and drove off.

Thus it came about that I spent a sunny and instructive summer week-end ferrying from one political meeting to another the most controversial figure in Europe today, Otto Ernst Remer, 39-year-old ex-major-general of the German Army, ex-commander of Hitler's military body-guard, today the highly active prophet of a fourth Nazi Reich.

## The parallel

REMER has started the world by starting from scratch and, in his first try, winning 16 seats for his neo-Nazi "Socialist Reich Party" in the parliamentary elections for the little West German State of Lower Saxony.

He has caused almost as much of a sensation, by making it the fourth largest party in this little State, as Hitler did in 1930 when his party became the second-largest in the Reichstag elections.

It was the parallel between his career and that of Hitler which fascinated and alarmed the world.

Hitler was a house-painter who had turned soldier. Remer was a soldier who had turned bricklayer. Both had then become Radical-Nationalist politicians appealing to returned soldiers to clean up the "traitor profiteers of Germany's downfall."

Hitler's rise to power had begun in the small States of Bavaria and Thuringia. Remer appears to be beginning his in the small State of Lower Saxony.

## In 17 prisons

HITLER was imprisoned for his unsuccessful coup d'état of 1923. Remer, after passing through 17 different Allied prisons since the war, was recently sentenced to four months' imprisonment for libelling the German Government. (He is appealing against the sentence.)

He had repeated at one of his meetings a Hearst Press report published with impunity by German newspapers that Chancellor Adenauer and his colleagues had prepared evacuation headquarters in London for the event of Soviet invasion of West Germany.

As we drove through the towns and villages of the fat green countryside of Schleswig I discovered my own parallel.

I thought back to that June day in 1932 when I had accompanied Hitler on an electioneering tour through this very same district, hard on the Danish border. And I wondered: Is all this fuss about Remer really justified?

## A comeback?

DOES his success in Lower Saxony really mean that the Nazis are making a comeback in Germany, that de-Nazification imposed by the Allies is now giving way to re-Nazification imposed by an incurable German public?

I could see no trace of the wild Nazi enthusiasm of 1932. Not that I expected them to line the streets for this young ex-general in his shabby grey suit. Or to send brass bands and blond children out to meet him.

But they did not even recognise him when he arrived at the beer hall in Meldorf where he was to hold his first meeting that day. There were no flags, no reception committee—nothing. Just a primitive hand-made placard announcing his visit: "Remer speaks at . . ." And the time was filled in with chalk.

Nor was the attendance at the meeting itself very impressive.

Most of the 250 there were elderly. Every time I talked with any of the crowd I found he or she was a refugee from East Prussia or Poland.

## The alibis

REMER had some alibis. It was Saturday night. It was dangerous for people to be seen at his meetings.

State employees were liable to instant dismissal if they showed signs of sympathising with his movement, businessmen and farmers stood in danger of having their bank credits withdrawn.

Now in the face of all these alibis I might have been tempted to dismiss this Remerism as something whose importance has been exaggerated—and in doing so I would have had on my side some experts on Germany whose opinion I have come to respect.

But four things make me warn you to pay attention to this man and his party.

1 MY RECOLLECTION of the early beginnings of the Hitler movement under even less impressive conditions.

2 MY CONVICTION that West Germany is becoming fertile ground once more for a Nationalist—Radical revival which will be exploited by some leader of the Remer type, even if it is not Remer himself.

Industrial reconstruction, helped by the dismantling of old and outworn plant for

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Was ist's, Lieber? Can you let me see that I am desperately trying to publish my account of how I led the underground opposition to the last Fuehrer before it's time to start holding the next?"



Too big? Ah! But I'm a growing boy....

reparations and its replacement with ultra-modern equipment under Marshall aid, is producing a new prosperity and a new self-confidence.

Above all, the appeals of the Western Allies for West German help with arms and troops against their former Soviet ally have completely dissipated the humility born of bombs and defeat.

No longer do Germans disclaim that they were members of the Nazi Party. Instead they boast of the number of months they spent in Allied prisons.

Gone are the days when every other high-up German I met claimed to have been connected with the 1944 plot against Hitler (July 20).

The spate of behind-scenes memoirs from German generals and diplomats in which they try to prove how bravely they were all conspiring against Hitler have produced a predictable reaction.

They have convinced a large number of Germans that Hitler was stabbed in the back—just like Ludendorff and the Kaiser in 1918—by traitors.

Remer invariably reaps a super-ovation when in his speech, he refers to the surviving "traitors of the 20th of July," and announces: "One day it will be our job to put these gentry before an objective tribunal and have them sentenced."

## Reverse of 'Boss'

3 THE IMMENSE appeal which, after watching him during public meetings and private conferences, I am certain Remer's personality must have for vast numbers of present-day Germans—particularly for the 20 to 40 age group.

These have hitherto remained aloof from politics because of their resentment of the parties "licensed" by the Allied occupiers.

Remer, towering over the audience from his platform, grey-faced and ascetic in his passion, is so obviously the reverse of the fat Nazi boss-ors despised by German soldiers.

He topples himself, the front-line fighters who, he says, not

only did their duty to the end "but until five minutes after the end."

This makes him carry idealistic conviction when he rails against present "slave" regimes in East and West Germany and calls on the audience to join him in re-uniting Germany in a Reich which will incorporate what "was best in National Socialist traditions of service to the German people's community."

## Russians 'ready'

4 THE DANGER of Remer's isolationist programme to the collective security of the Western world. He and other prophets of his party preach this doctrine, highly attractive to Germans.

The Russians, they say, are only too ready to accept a united Germany, free from all ties to either the Atlantic or the Communist bloc.

For this would free the Russians to concentrate on their main preoccupation—the consolidation of their gains in Asia and the protection of their oilfields against "the menace of American attack."

Rearmament and militarisation of Germany on the other hand, they say, will provoke Russia to immediate attack, and doom Germany to final destruction.

"Wherefore," they say, "let us Germans lead Europe in shaking off the Atlantic yoke before it's too late, and form a neutral third force bound to neither."

It is wishful thinking at its wishest. But not too wishful to enchant the Germans.

## A living force

WHETHER Remer ever succeeds in taking power or not, I am convinced that this programme of his is going to become a living force in German politics.

And, make no mistake, Remer is a natural at gutting it over. He is the only political speaker today whom Germans will pay to hear.

(London Express Service.)  
MONDAY.  
News in Action

Beverly Baxter

## WHEN THE PRINCESS GOES ON TOUR

LONDON. PRINCESS ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh will see Canada at its best in October. The seasons there do not melt into each other but arrive with a sense of pageantry and drama.

It needs no imaginative effort of mine to feel the blazing Canadian summer sun on this page as I write, nor see the dust rising from the parched lanes of the country-side. Then there will come the harvest and the harvest moon... colder winds and shortening days... the brief reprieve of Indian summer ending in a sudden frost which plunges like a knife into the earth and sends the leaves blood red.

## A SEASON OF PULSING BEAUTY

IT is the season of such glory and pulsing beauty that one wants to plead like the poet: "O be less beautiful or be less brief!" But there comes the slow death of falling leaves until winter covers them with snow like a shroud... and then the long, long sleep.

ALREADY there are tactful suggestions from London that Elizabeth and Philip should not be burdened with too many official engagements. I doubt if this will have much effect.

Each of the cities strung across the 3,000 miles that divide the Atlantic and the Pacific will want to demonstrate the affection in which the Royal Family is held. Nor are those words a formality. The Canadians feel a personal affection which is almost stronger than loyalty.

THEY have not forgotten the Canadian tour of the King and Queen, which she afterwards described to her Diogenes, on the back with a lightning service.

Even the French Canadians, who have a playful habit of every now and then pulling down Wolfe's statue in Quebec (and then putting it up again), feel a special warmth towards the Royal Family, because the Queen spoke to them in their own language.

## WARLIKE ARTISTS

WHAT is there about painting which makes artists so belligerent?

A couple of years ago Sir Alfred Munnings started the town with his frankness, and now Sir Gerald Kelly has hit out in all directions.

As president of the Royal Academy he gave a reception to 2,000 guests—and that is all he gave them. No drink, not even tea. No food, and not even a cigarette.

In fact, just to add to the general hilarity, smoking was banned.

THE verdict of a fellow Academician was: "This is damn silly." Kelly's defence was: "We are poor. Only the gods are rich."

AS THE ONLY OLD ETONIAN . . . SIR GERALD neither looks like an artist nor talks like one. He is Irish with a family business background of Kelly's Directorates, but he likes to be thought of as the only Old Etonian to become a Royal Academician.

SIR GERALD is a terrifying guest at a dinner party because he admits that he knows all about wines. His wife is his favourite model but he does not like women to wear make-up, and Lady Kelly is dutiful.

In conversation he is impatient but in painting he outwits Job. He will keep on and on until he gets what he wants.

## PRaise THAT WENT TOO FAR

BY comparison with the Royal Academy reception the dinner to General Eisenhower was goodwill and genial courtesy all round. But surely Mr. Attlee carried flattery too far when he said that General Eisenhower was the man who won the war.

THERE is no such person as the man who won the war, not even Mr. Churchill, who played such a gigantic part in it.

Certainly General Eisenhower deserves the highest tributes that gratitude can accord, but if we must choose one man what about the merchant seaman ploughing the death-infested sea, or the fighter pilot giving his immortality in the battle of the skies, or the soldier wrestling victory from the cruel, ageless desert?

PARADOXICALLY it might be argued that one man, Adolf Hitler, lost the war, but even he had the assistance of General Eisenhower.

## WHEN LESSER BREEDS ARISE

THE Americans at Wimbledon should be flattered at the enthusiasm of the crowd when two Australians, one South African, and an ex-Czech eliminated the U.S.A. from the men's doubles.

American tennis supremacy has been so firmly established that we are delighted when the lesser breeds rise occasionally and topple the Olympians.

IT was an afternoon of many diversions.

On one occasion a pigeon just missed an smashing drive at the net. Miss Brough served a ball into the crowd on her right, and Sturges hit his partner, Diogenes, on the back with a lightning service.

And, of course, there was that supreme moment when Savitt, having played the shot that made him champion, hurried his racket in the air with an ecstatic cry: "YES!"

So Columbus must have shouted when he saw land appear after weary weeks. So must the tired, hungry prospector utter such a cry when he comes upon gold.

These moments are rare and do not come to all men, but when they do, life is a glorious and satisfying thing.

HOWEVER, our entertainment on the Centre Court was not confined to men.

We had a delightful bit of ballet from Miss Beverly Baker, who looks like something out of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

I like the way she jumps up and down at the net, and there is a reckless gaiety about the ambidexterity with which she plays with her left hand or right.

I DON'T think that Beverly will ever be in a position to shout "Yes!" at Wimbledon, but there's always Sadler's Wells.

## NOT A TORY M.P. IN VIEW

IT is pleasing to note that our political masters are lovers of tennis.

In the V.I.P. section of the grandstand there were the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Colonial Under-Secretary, the Secretary of State for Air, and the Minister of Fuel and Power.

Not a single Tory M.P. was in view.

(London Express Service.)

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• What goes on in the mind of the lunatic?  
An ex-asylum patient takes a controversial  
view of madness in a startling new book.

# The man who talked with devils

by MARGARET LANE

WISDOM, MADNESS AND FOLLY. John Cusance. (Gollancz, 16s.). 248 pages.

PEOPLE in many ages have believed that the lunatic and the saint are akin, that the fool has a special wisdom and is close to God. It is an idea not much in fashion nowadays, so that it is startling to open a book which shows in an entirely original and objective manner the truth of this ancient view.

The author of *Wisdom, Madness and Folly* describes himself as "a very ordinary lunatic."

He has several times been certified as insane, and the book has been written in various mental hospitals, sometimes even in the "refractory ward."

But ordinary lunatic, if there is such a thing, he certainly is not. He is a man of intelligence and education who writes extremely well, with a detachment and candour which the sanest author might envy.

He is a maniac-depressive; that is to say, he suffers from that form of insanity which swings like a pendulum from the exaltations of acute mania to a complementary depressive phase; and he has written this book as a history and analysis of his mind's adventures.

His adventures are so illuminating that I doubt if anyone will read this book without finding his whole attitude to "madness" changed.

The most arresting thing about the book is the apparently close resemblance between the experiences of acute mania and those of poetical and religious mystics.

If it were not so "mad"—that is to say, socially unacceptable and dangerous—the maniac phase is a state we might all envy. Sense impressions are abnormally heightened; sight, hearing, taste and smell

become preternaturally acute and pleasurable; there is a wonderful sense of physical well-being, and the patient is capable of great physical endurance.

Added to this, there is a transcendent feeling of harmony with nature, with the universe and with God, together with impressions of spiritual revelation clearly akin to those of the great mystics; and to the "anesthetic revelation" induced by certain drugs.

In Mr Cusance's case the maniac phase has lasted for periods as long as six months at a time, and the world he then experiences is a "universe of bliss." The reality of the gods, angels and devils that he sees and converses with, while he is released, uncontrolled, into a released unconscious mind is a regression to a more primitive stage of man's evolution, when such things were universally accepted.

Gods and devils, magic and myth lie buried in the unconscious of us all, but only the mystic and the lunatic have access to these levels. At these depths or heights, he believes, forms of wisdom and truth are perceived which are forever hidden from the sane and civilised consciousness.

The sense of universal love, freedom, and oneness with all creation which he enjoys during the maniac period, and which may be imagined as the state man before the Fall, is horribly reversed during the depressive phase. Here, in a "universe of horror" through which he may grope in despair for many months, man's solitariness, his separation from God, the certainty of his sin and eventual damnation, condemn him to a subjective hell from which there is no escape.

Though he is now discharged as cured, the author of this remarkable book refuses to discount the experiences and lessons of his abnormal periods.

The unconscious, he believes, is not the primitive cesspit we have been taught to think it, on which it is necessary to clamp a very strong lid. Rather he sees it as a source of knowledge and intuitions long lost to civilised man—as lost to him as his primitive sense of smell—and believes that its messages, carefully listened to and faithfully interpreted, can give guidance, nourishment and balance to the personality.

## Runaway husband jailed for 17 years HE THREW BOMB AT HIS WIFE

FOR trying to blow up his wife with 'home-made' bombs, Jasper Martin Coetzee has been sentenced to 17 years' hard labour.

He was arrested in London seven months ago and escorted to Durban for trial.

Coetzee, aged 44, said "the trouble with his 33-year-old English-born wife, Eileen, started when she brought her mother, Mrs Minnie Clayton, to South Africa."

To pacify his wife—she was always ill-tempered, he said—he bought her a diamond ring; another time he gave her £15,000.

But, said this former Johannesburg advertising agent, she bit, scratched, punched, and pinched him. She hit him on the head with a vase and stabbed his pillow with a knife.

ONE EXPLODED  
The prosecution said Coetzee threw a home-made bomb into a Durban taxi where his wife, mother-in-law, another woman and her child were sitting.

His mother-in-law tried to douse the bomb with water. It blew off most of her right hand. Coetzee was arrested. He jumped bail and fled to London, maker of 'home-made' bombs there, according to a letter he wrote, he was known as John

Reles and stayed with "a very nice Polish family about a quarter of a mile from the King."

Scotland Yard caught him, and he was handed over to South African police, who travelled 6,000 miles to collect him.

As they were taking him from Cape Town to Johannesburg he jumped from the train and was captured hitch-hiking.

### THE SECOND FAILED

While he was in London his wife received a parcel. It smelted, but three sticks of gelignite and one of dynamite in it failed to explode.

The police believe the Coetzee, a wartime flier, left this parcel with a woman friend when he went to London, and that this woman posted it to his wife.

Mr Justice Shaw sentenced him to ten years for bomb making No. 1, and seven years for No. 2. Coetzee asked: "Does this mean I'll have to spend 17 years in jail?"

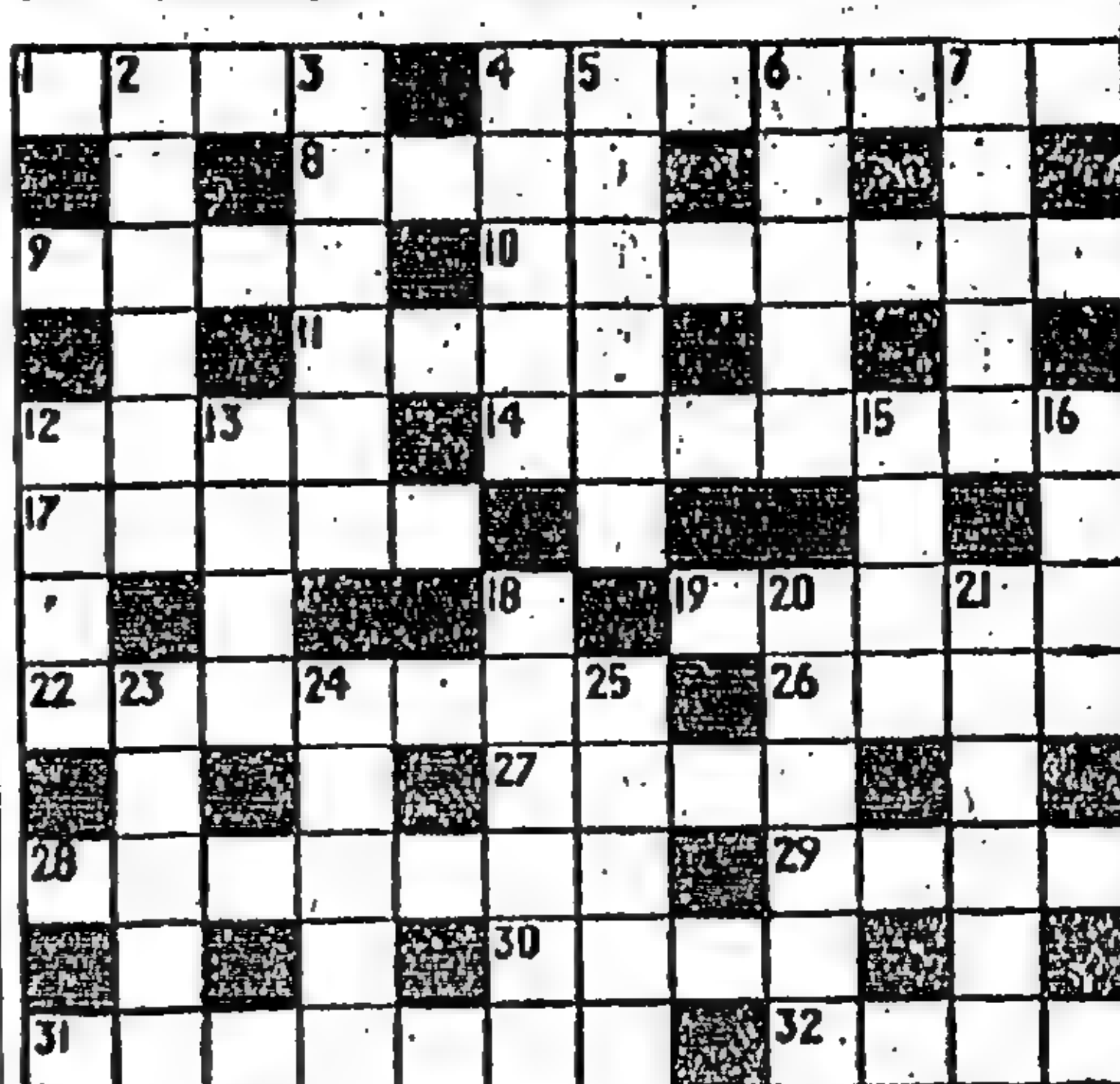
Replied the judge: "Yes, the sentence will run consecutively." And, as a postscript, the maker of 'home-made' bombs was gaoled a further month for jumping off the train.



### —THIS DREAM MEANS:

To dance with someone in a dream is symbolic of a desire to share one's emotional life with that person—or with someone.  
To dance solo is to live one's emotional life apart; perhaps to derive emotional satisfaction from a parade of one's personality and charm in front of others, rather than from any participation in their collective living.  
Throwing a rose to a man invites him to share your emotional life; a flower symbolises a

## A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS  
1 Failure (4).  
4 Take for granted (7).  
8 Vex (4).  
9 Extinct bird (4).  
10 Narrative (7).  
11 Step (4).  
12 Secure (4).  
13 Absorb (7).  
14 Expedition (5).  
15 Vehicles (5).  
16 Interfere with (7).  
17 Instrument (4).  
18 Cultivate (4).  
19 Church (7).  
20 Press (4).  
21 Offspring (4).  
22 Abandon (7).  
23 Bird (4).  
DOWN  
2 Bathroom accessory (6).  
3 Due (6).  
4 Locality (5).  
5 Not long past (6).  
6 Track (5).  
7 Repair (6).  
8 Dress (4).  
9 Tumble (4).  
10 Carousal (4).  
11 Of sound mind (4).  
12 Bear witness (6).  
13 Refer (6).  
14 Source (6).  
15 Suppose (5).  
16 Follow (5).  
17 Ancestors (6).  
18 YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Ender, 5 Badge, 8 Tepid, 9 Bishop, 10 Shoot, 11 Melee, 12 Ace, 13 Crass, 16 Plated, 18 Clasp, 20 Deer, 22 Gals, 23 Angle, 25 Forge, 26 Ice, 27 Usher, 28 Tent, 29 Sundry, Down: 1 Embroid, 2 Distract, 3 Atom, 4 Repeals, 5 Blasts, 6 Adhere, 7 Glens, 14 Advanced, 15 Strategy, 16 Earnest, 17 Applies, 19 League, 21 Elope, 24 Ecru.

## The SNAPSHOT GUILD



He takes extra pride in his snapshots because he develops and prints them himself.

### DEVELOPING YOUR OWN PICTURES

I HAVE discussed in these articles the many ways in which you can improve your picture taking. But I often wonder how many of you have tried developing and printing the pictures you take. If you have never delved into this fascinating work, you are missing one of the greatest thrills in photography.

Developing and printing can be remarkably easy when you use one of the small kits available today. These kits, although costing only a few dollars, contain all the equipment needed—a printing box, chemicals for developing film and paper, trays, a safelight, tumbler, thermometer, clips—everything to carry the operation from the undeveloped roll of film to the finished print.

All you have to provide is a completely darkened room. I have found that the kitchen meets this requirement. At night, hang blankets over the windows to shut out any stray light. Or if the kitchen is not handy, you can use the bathroom or even the basement.

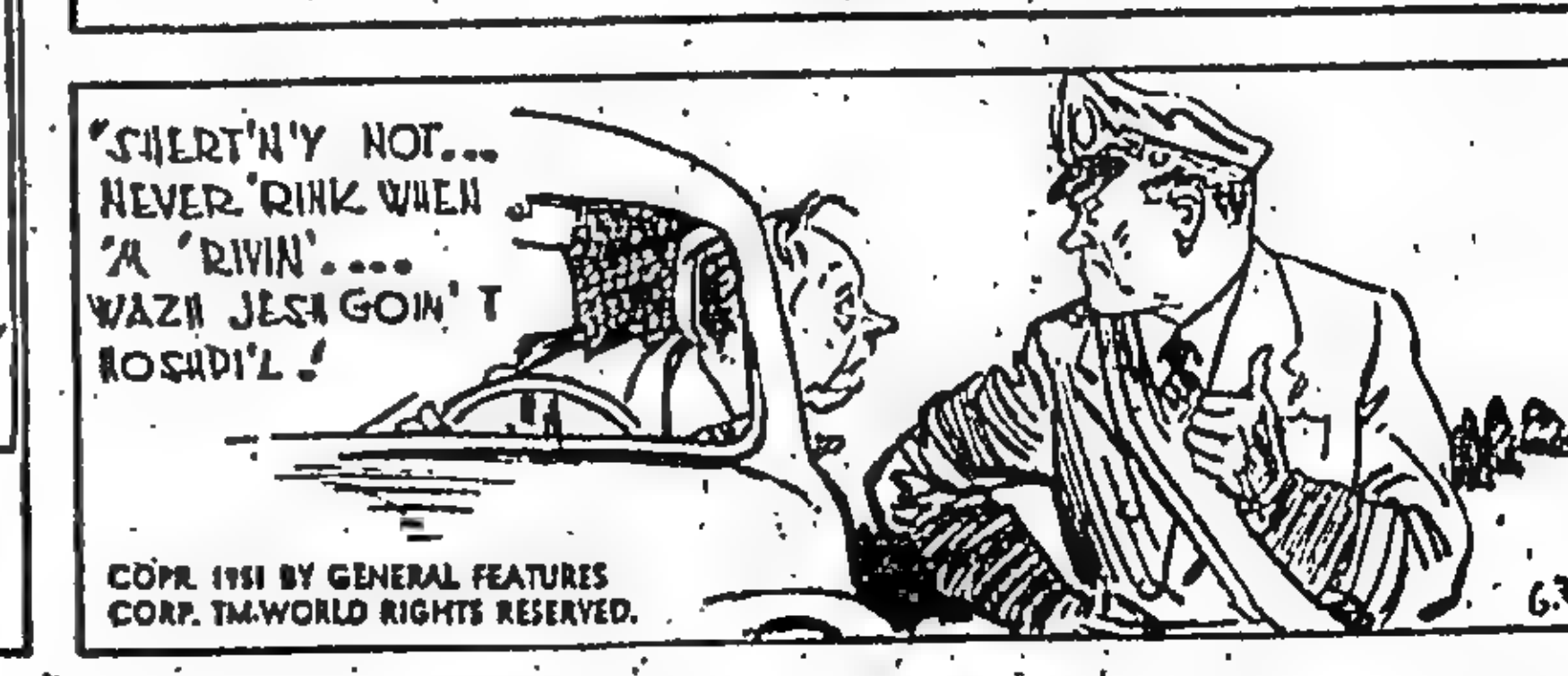
The greatest thrill in developing and printing is watching a scene you have taken appear on a blank sheet of paper. It's really a magical operation, and you are the magician. Yet with all its magical properties, making your own pictures is so simple you will wonder why you have never tried it before.

—John van Guilder

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Grim Fairy Tales

By KEMP STARRETT



PLAYED OUT... PLAYING CANASTA ALL AFTERNOON.

SURPRISING FICTIONAL TALENTS COME TO FRUITION... WHEN EXPLAINING HIGH PRICES.



# SOUTH CHINA'S PROTEST UPHELD BY COMMITTEE OF ARBITRATION

By "GRANDSTAND"

The protest lodged by South China against an irregularity in the re-schedule of a postponed game against the US Navy in the Summer League was recalled during the week when a Committee of Arbitration met to discuss the matter.

The protest was upheld as it was found that a misunderstanding in the arrangements had occurred which resulted in South China having to field a scratch team and being nosed out in the last inning of the game.

After careful consideration, it was found by the Committee that the management of the Summer League had assumed that the nominated date for the re-play was acceptable to both parties without obtaining a confirmation and when South China were finally notified that they must play off the game, time was insufficient for them to field a full team. South China properly agreed to play under protest when it was evident that the other side intended to claim the points by forfeiture.

Both parties have agreed to abide by the ruling of the Committee, which is final, and a date is being arranged for the re-play. The Committee of Arbitration consisted of Messrs. Dimin Abilong, Frank Ewins,

Hal Wingate and Don Robbins (absent). The adjusted league table shows that the Overseas are still at the head of the list with South China close behind, while the position of the US Navy, who are

too far down the scale to affect the championship, remains unchanged.

The regular fixtures will be completed by the end of the week and a re-schedule of the 12 games postponed due to bad weather, is being arranged.

## OVERSEAS ON TOP

The Overseas Chinese laid claim to the top of the standings when they dished out a brilliant performance against the Carolliners to earn a 4-2 triumph before an unusually large crowd of summer fans.

Both sides connected for a single in the opening frame but were unable to nudge the potential run across the plate with a bright fielding smothering the attempt. A double-play in the second inning, when P. C. Wong lined to Tony Kwok who caught Y. K. Chan off first base, caught the Overseas chalked up the first run of the game in their half of the inning when Harry Louie and Paul Tiu hit safely in succession.

The Carolliners jumped back into the lead in the third stanza on P. C. Lee's timely single and it was not until the fourth frame that the Overseas took the lead once more when Sit Kwok-kit slashed out a liner to left field that paved the way for two runs.

Hurler Tony Kwok started to waver on the mound after chucking five innings of good ball and was relieved by slab artist Lau Chung-shan who shut out South China for the rest of the encounter. Overseas registered the clincher in the sixth when an outfield romp allowed Yum Kee-lun to romp around all the hassocks for another tally.

The Pandas, who were humiliated last week in the exhibition game at Caroline Hill, had their sweet revenge when they trounced the USS Navy's puny troops, faded with this loss, which makes a total of four setbacks in the season.

## SUMMER LEAGUE STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	Points
Overseas	3	2	8.57
Pandas	3	2	8.00
US Navy	4	4	5.00
S. C. Reds	2	2	5.00
Ragg Mopps	2	3	4.00
S. C. Blues	0	5	0.00

The first meeting of the Council of the Hongkong Softball Association has been fixed for Thursday, July 26, at 5.15 p.m. at Shell House.

Among the important subjects for discussion at this meeting will be the appointment of the various sub-committees and the programme for the impending regular season which is expected to start earlier this year.

## Arthur Peall says:

### TRY THIS FIVE-CUSHION CANNON OFF RED

Never impart "side" to your cue-ball if a "side-leak" what will do. Applies both to billiards and snooker. Yet it is not suggested that side must be eliminated. It is proper use in snooker. With a crisp cue-delivery any amateur can give enough left-hand side to bring off this five-cushion cannon on red. Lieut. Colonel C. Henderson draws an attention to the need for swinging the cue parallel to the direction of the ball to travel when "side" is wanted. NOT across the line of the shot. Variations of my stroke are valuable in snooker (cushion play).

## SPORTING RAM

By Reg. Wootton



# FOOTBALL IN CALCUTTA MAY BE BANNED It Takes 1,200 Police To Control The Crowd At A League Semi-final By RUSSEL SPURR

Calcutta's rowdy football season — which should be in full swing — has come to an abrupt halt. League matches have been suspended. The Government have stepped in to stop the growing violence and gambling at recent games. All grounds are closed under police guard while an expert committee consider the future of football in Bengal.

The Chief Minister of the State, Dr B. C. Roy, who knows little about football but a lot about public order, is weighing up whether or not to ban the game. Bitter rivalries between players, teams and their supporters—especially when Muslims and Hindus are matched—contain the seeds of serious communal trouble. Knife and bottle battles between the two communities have only just been averted at several recent League semi-finals. And in this explosive city they might easily lead to renewed Hindu-Muslim riots.

Police precautions have lately been reinforced to a fantastic degree. The big Calcutta stadium

pitch is now surrounded by a barbed-wire fence eight feet high. Steel-helmeted constables

line the touchline at four-foot intervals, often to the annoyance of players and linesmen. A complete control room with coloured wall charts of the stands and pitch, has been set up in the changing quarters. From here high-ranking officers manoeuvre a force seldom numbering less than 1,200 men.

Tear gas squads are stationed at each goal-mouth and turbaned mounted police are deployed outside, ready to clear the pitch if infuriated spectators storm the wire. That has happened twice in the past six weeks.

SEATS AS MISSILES  
Efforts to seal off supporters in separate parts of the grounds have failed because each faction claimed it was being given too few seats. That is understandable: there are always three times more people trying to get into a big Calcutta match than there are seats available.

It has also proved useless erecting canvas screens behind each goal to stop the shower of nail-filled bottles meant to nobble the "enemy" goal-keeper, because a large section of the crowd was denied seeing the most vital moments of the match.

Nor has anyone yet devised ways of making the stadium seats immovable, able to resist the excited fans who insist on tipping them up and bombarding the rival team, the police, or each other.

REFS, BEATEN UP  
A full-scale magistrates' court, sits throughout a big match. The court does out minor sentences to the bottle-throwers and form-asmashers, though men caught with knives are held on attempted wounding charges and have to go through the more regular processes of justice.

The wretched referees complain they have been followed home and beaten up in spite of special police guards. Plans for asking several British referees to come out have therefore been shelved. Their presence might bring an anti-British bias to the already tense atmosphere.

THE THREE SPINS  
Spin bowling is of three types—leg-break, or the ball breaking away from the right-hand batsman from leg to his off; off-break, or the ball breaking in to the right-hand batsman; and top spin, in which the ball spins towards the batsman.

The googly and chinaman are both off-breaks—the googly being an off-break delivered with what appears to be a leg-break action, the chinaman a left-hander's off-break. A left-hander's googly, of course, becomes the leg-break.

The policy to all spin bowling should be to tempt the batsman to drive—i.e., pitch the ball well up to the batsman. As a general maxim, I would say if you are making him play forward you are bowling well.

When the ball is swinging, the away swing bowler should bowl at the middle and leg stumps, ensuring the batsman playing a shot. Then, if the

ball moves, you may bowl him or have him caught in the slips. The more the ball swings the further up to the batsman should it be pitched.

The half volley, swinging late, is the best ball. It usually tempts the batsman to drive, with the result that the ball hits the edge, and not the middle, of the bat.

The inswinger should bowl at, or just outside the off stump. Balls pitched middle and leg, and swinging outside his legs, will present little danger to the batsman unless they are well pitched up.

Seam bowling is really the counterpart of swing, and is used by similar types of bowlers.

The grip is the same, and the object is to keep the seam upright during flight so that the ball pitches on it. Being slightly raised, it will make the ball move a trifle on pitching.

The ideal for this is a "green wicket," firm, yet slightly damp on the surface. The dampness allows the seam to grip, causing more movement.

Many people think that the ball action makes the ball swing. This is not so. The body determines the direction of the swing, but it is the hand action that actually produces swing.

How? Hold the seam of the ball between the first and second fingers, with the seam pointing towards the batsman's wicket. On delivery the wrist must be kept rigid, so that the ball is pushed off the two controlling fingers. If the wrist is used or dropped in delivery the ball is pulled down and swing is unlikely.

A new ball will normally swing more than an old one, so two fast or medium bowlers generally open. One of the main objects of using the new ball is to attack the batsman, but far too many bowlers either cannot control their swing, or bowl wide of the stumps.

When the ball is swinging, the away swing bowler should bowl at the middle and leg stumps, ensuring the batsman playing a shot. Then, if the

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# STARTING BLOCKS ARE NECESSARY —PSYCHOLOGICALLY

There has been talk about banning the use of starting blocks in all races in the AAA championships except the 100 yards, and making them fixed—though adjustable—even for that event.

This must not happen. I know all the arguments about the time sprinters take setting blocks to their satisfaction and the little advantage they really gain by their use. Against that consider the psychological effect of taking their toys away from them.

Experiments in America are said to have led to the conclusion that starting blocks are worth .03 of a second. Well, that might be enough to affect a watch by a tenth of a second and thus make all the difference between a new record and the equalling of an old one.

Certainly there is not much need for blocks for quarter milers, but most of the stars have become accustomed to using them and it would put them at a disadvantage—if only in mental outlook—when meeting foreign runners still using blocks.

## NO CHECK

Idea of fixing the blocks before heat of the 100 yards, so that each man would only have to adjust the foot pads to suit him is not so bad, but even then the man who likes a different type of block should be considered.

It is all very well to try and hurry—a programme along, but British athletics is in a very healthy state and nothing must be done that would give its progress the slightest check.

MEN'S 'SCANTIES'  
I have been reminded by Pop Spicer, trainer-coach of the Wignore Harriers, that there was a time when even the men

# Veterans Surprised Yorkshire

Yorkshire cricket veterans of the immediate past emphatically taught the present-day regular members of the County side a thing or two in a two-day match at Headingley recently on behalf of the National Playing Field Association.

The Old Guard included 31-year-old Maurice Leyland, thickening in girth with the years; 53-year-old stumper Arthur Wood, who once square cut Constantine for six on this same ground; Arthur Mitchell, taker of astonishing catches; Wilf Barber, Arthur Booth and Cyril Turner, all of whom are now 48; T. F. Smalles, E. P. Robinson and the former captain and Test selector Brian Sellers.

The Past made 244 and 63 for 2 wickets, Wilf Barber hitting a delightful 110 full of his old glorious offside strokes, while Mitchell made 44 and Turner 62.

The Present XI, who were without Yorkshire's Test trio of Hutton, Watson and Wardle, failed before spinners Booth and Robinson, and could only reply with 124 in their first innings.

They had made 63 for 4 wickets in the second when stumps were drawn.

The Umpires were that great character Emmott Robinson, Edgar Oldroyd, so often Yorkshire's dependable sheet anchor, and one-time bowler Abe Waddington.

# FROM BANDY TO HOCKEY

Scandinavian countries always go in for sport in a serious way. That's why Finnish bandy players—87,000 of them in 650 clubs—have given up their favourite game and switched to field hockey this season.

Although hockey is about as popular in Finland as lacrosse is in England, bandy players think the rules of the game are near enough to those of bandy for a switch to be made in time to pick up some Olympic gold medals. But I think India and Pakistan will have something to say about that. — DAVID JACK.

## POP -



## POP -



## POP -



## POP -



## POP -



## POP -



## POP -



## POP -



## POP -





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"SZECHUEN"	Bangkok	5 p.m. 29th July	
"SHENKING"	Keelung	5 p.m. 31st July	
"HUPEH"	Tientsin	10 a.m. 31st July	
"SINKIANG"	Singapore & Penang	5 p.m. 1st Aug.	
"SOOCHOW"	Yokohama, Nagoya, Kobe & Osaka	5 p.m. 1st Aug.	
"ANSHUN"	Osaka & Nagoya	5 p.m. 7th Aug.	
"YOCOW"	Bangkok	5 p.m. 10th Aug.	
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"AUTOMEDON"	Havre, London & Holland	23rd Aug.	
"AGAPENOR"	Dublin & Liverpool	25th Aug.	

Scheduled Sailings from Europe			
Sails	Arrives		
Liverpool	Rotterdam		
S. "AGAPENOR"	do	30th July	
G. "AENEAS"	do	2nd Aug.	
G. "AUTOMEDON"	do	14th Aug.	
G. "PERSEUS"	17th July	16th Aug.	
G. "MYRMIDON"	21st July	20th Aug.	
G. "MARON"	28th July	4th Sept.	
S. "BELLEPHON"	4th Aug.	8th Sept.	
S. "EXETERUS"	13th Aug.	15th Sept.	
S. "ANTIOCHUS"	21st Aug.	25th Sept.	

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# the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

## NATURE'S MUSIC HAS RHYTHM

By JULIA W. WOLFE

TAKE time to listen to nature's music. You will find that it is never harsh, never discordant, like some man-made music and noise. And you will need but little knowledge of music to recognise the beauty and to comprehend the harmony of nature's plan in her music. It is simple, and the knowledge will give all a great amount of pleasure, when roaming in wood and field. But one must listen intelligently.

It is a true statement that nature is the inspiration of poets, artists and musicians, but it is not often recognised that the degree in which it is possible for each of them to put down sounds in terms of their own art.

A poet grasps nature's deepest meanings, clothes it in pleasing words. An artist, having technical skill, paints according to his school and temperament, and perhaps gains attention. The musician hears nature's loveliest melodies, yet his skill, his sympathy and his power over sound all prove futile. He cannot reproduce nature's music exactly. He may draw his audience into the dreams that his selection presents; he may picture moods, as did Chopin in "The Sea." He may excite the intellect by the great and perfect form as he plays, but Mother Nature's tones are still not the same as his.

STRIKE a key on the piano—a white between two black ones, for example. Sing the tone that you have produced. Then strike the black key to the right of the white one and sing that. Again, strike the black one to the left of the white. Your voice rises slightly on the second and drops on the third. A half tone is the smallest difference in the pitch of any two given sounds on the piano. There you have the secret of nature's musical method and the limitation of the piano. A few attempts and you will succeed in varying the pitch of the voice at least twice between the sounds of the two keys thus obtaining, in a slight degree, the effect of a guitarist's glide. Stringed instruments and the voice are not so limited as the piano is.

Now listen to a bird's song. Go to the piano and get the pitch of its first note—far up on the right of the keyboard it must be. Then try to reproduce the song the bird is singing. You cannot do it, because of the limitations of the piano scale. The fractions of the half tones make the music of nature so elusive.

This limitation of the keyboard is why piano players must invariably fall when they try to reproduce the bird song, running brooks and flowing rivers. Every great musician knows the futility and futility of the attempt.

LISTEN to a brook. You hear the murmur. It is delicate, musical, pleasing, gently insistent; it does not tire, but it is also in fractions of half tones, sliding in its murmur. Next listen to the "sighing" of the wind in the woods. It is an exquisite lullaby—rhythmic, melodious, expressed in half fractions of half tones. Listen to the surging of a storm at sea, the beating waves, the dripping rain. All follow the same plan. Study the song of insects, the loudest, the hum of bees, the chirp of the sparrow, the cluck of the hen, all are in fractions of half tones.

Much of nature's music lacks melody, but always there is the rhythmic swing. Trees sway, grass nods, waves splash, and at regular intervals. Even the intention of the human voice and the roar of the city street are governed by the laws of rhythm. Imagine the clash and clang of commonplace sounds if nature's voices were more assertive and less delicately shaded, and if all nature's plan were haphazard!

If ever you listen to a mockingbird, you will note the phrasing and accents, just as a singer does. He repeats one theme three or four times in varying metre, and each of its 27 themes is perfectly phrased. Even the yavous rasp of a field louse is a fine example to study; here also is rhythm and tone shading.

Great musicians have often wished they might change the



use of fractions of half tones, reconstruction of all musical instruments. Perhaps, in our complete revolution of notation changing world, it will yet be and harmony; it would mean a done.

## YOU CAN MAKE HANK

-We'll show you how to make him talk



THE hobby most of you would like to be good at is ventriloquism. So we called in Francis Coudill, whose puppet Hank the Cowboy has become so popular on TV.

This week he shows you how to make your own model of Hank; next week how to make Hank speak.

WHAT TO DO  
PASTE the drawing (on the left) on cardboard, then carefully cut out the three shapes A, B and C. Next cut out the piece marked X in the mouth opening of A; glue this on to the shaded SPACE X on shape B. When the glue is dry, place B behind A so that X slides up and down in its original position. Then glue C (the chin), curved end downwards, on to space X but leave the sides unglued, so that the whole chin comes on the front of the face.

When dry, loop an elastic band round the two slots in B, then hook it into the slots on top of Hank's hat. Fix a piece of black cotton to the bottom of the chin to pull open the mouth.

To make a larger Hank: Divide the square A into smaller squares—see small diagram. Then draw a square the size you want your Hank, on cardboard, and divide it into squares the same in number as you have on A, but larger, of course. Next mark the points where the lines of the drawing meet the cross-axes of the drawing meet the cross-axes of the drawing. You can then sketch in the head. For pieces B and C divide the oblong shapes with lines and enlarge in the same way.

## FUN WITH WORDS

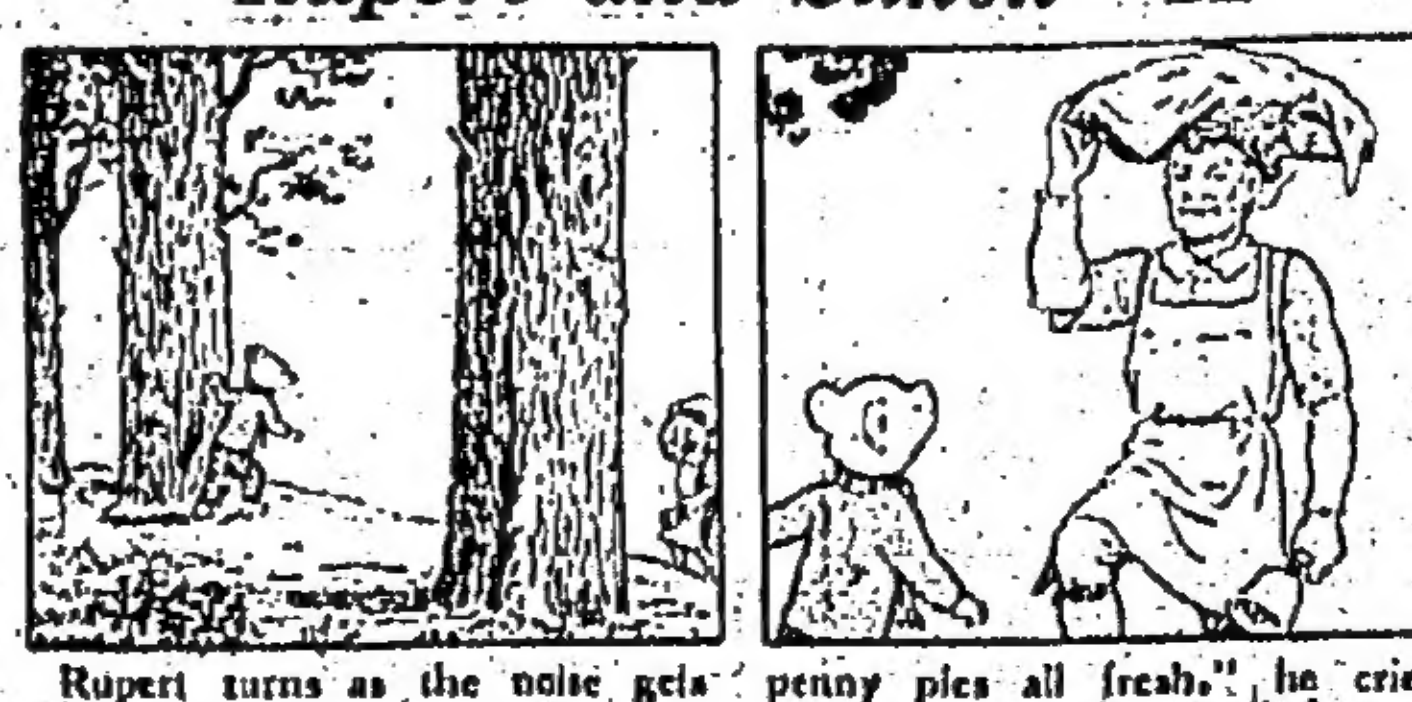
BY adding one letter you can change the meaning of many words. Here are some definitions. You find the word, add or insert one letter and get another word. For example:

1. Add a letter to the opposite of "bought" and get something not hollow. The answer is, "gold-sold."
2. Do not change the order of the letters, just insert or add the extra letter.
3. Add a letter to the smallest whole number and get "nothing at all."
4. Add a letter to a milk-giving animal and get a large black bird.
5. Add a letter to "suffering" and get "to cover with colour."
6. Add a letter to a parent and get part of a bird.
7. Add a letter to "wood" and get someone who fixes pipes.
8. Add a letter to "a group of letters that have meaning" and get a weapon.
9. Add a letter to one who prepares food and get a thief.
10. Add a letter to the world and get part of a fireplace.
11. Add a letter to a sowed up pant at the bottom of a garment and get what rope is made of.
12. To give money due, with a letter added gives "to have fun."
13. Add a letter to the orb of day and get "to knock someone."
14. Add a letter to a rabbit and get "to divide with."
15. Add a letter to the lower part of a face and get a steel rope.
16. Add a letter to a juicy fruit and get "stout."
17. Add a letter to "not heavy" and get a bird's movement in the air.

## ANSWERS

1. "gold-sold"
2. "aunt"
3. "nothing"
4. "cow"
5. "cover"
6. "wing"
7. "carpenter"
8. "word"
9. "thief"
10. "fireplace"
11. "rope"
12. "fun"
13. "knock"
14. "rabbit"
15. "stout"
16. "bird"

## Rupert and Simon—12



Rupert turns as the noise gets louder. He climbs a slope and on the other side he sees a man carrying a large tray on his head and swinging a big head bell. Spying the little bear, he stops. "Come and buy some 'bad-bad' penny pies," he says. "All rights reserved."

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S.S. "CANTON"	2nd August	1st September
S.S. "CANTON"	31st August	1st October
S.S. "CANTON"	28th September	20th October
S.S. "CANTON"	26th October	20th November

Accepting cargo for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London.

### Freight Service

Outwards	Due Hongkong	From
m.v. "SOUDAN"	2nd Aug.	London & Continent

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	For
S.S. "SINGAPORE"	29th July	London & Continent

Accepting cargo for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, London, Hamburg, Antwerp & Rotterdam, with liberty to call at Bombay if inducement offers.

Tanks available for carriage of oil in Bulk.  
Space for refrigerated cargo. Limited passenger accommodation.

## BRITISH INDIA S.N. CO., LTD.

m.s. "NANTHA"	due 31st July	from Calcutta, Hongkong via Straits
m.s. "SHIDHANA"	sails 2nd Aug.	for Japan
m.s. "SHIDHANA"	due 6th Aug.	from Japan
m.s. "SHIDHANA"	sails 8th Aug.	for Singapore, Penang, Hongkong & Calcutta

\* These ships have refrigerated cargo space.

## P. & O. B. I. JOINT SERVICE

m.s. "ORINA"	due 22nd July	from Japan
m.s. "ORINA"	sails 23rd July	for Straits, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi & Persian Gulf
m.s. "SILVANA"	due 23rd July	from Persian Gulf, Bombay, Straits & Saigon
m.s. "ORDIA"	due 24th July	from Karachi, Bombay, Colombo via Straits
m.s. "ORDIA"	sails 26th July	for Japan

## EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

m.s. "EASTERN"	sails 25th July	for Sydney & Melbourne
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Accepting cargo on through bills of lading for Tasmanian & Pacific Island Ports.

All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

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48 Bonham Strand W. Tels: 25646, 26127 & 81119

## NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

S.S. "PATROCLOS"  
Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed at Holt's Wharf between 10 a.m. and noon on July 24 and 25, 1951, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents.  
Hong Kong, July 21, 1951.

## ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES CERTIFICATES

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